THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLV. No. 1151 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1953 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	357
HYSTERIA AND LIBERTY	359
RE-ARMING TO DEATH	360
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	361
THIS ENGLAND	361
THE UNKNOWN PATRON. By Sagittarius	362
BROTHER McHUGH. By Norman MacKenzie	362
FINALY AFFAIR. By Alexander Werth	363
MARXISM AND STALIN—II. By Rudolph Schlesinger	364
ESCORTED PARTY. By Anthony Carson	365
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT: Tragic Art. By Sir Herbert Read	365
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT—*continued.*	Page
From Belmont to Forres. By T. C. Worsley	367
Radio Notes. By Naomi Lewis	367
The Movies. By William Whitebait	368
CORRESPONDENCE	369
From Malcolm MacPherson, M.P.; Kenneth C. Barnes; K. H. L. Burgin; S. Hijbel; Bernard Gay; Christopher Gillie; Philip Toynbee; Marie Seton; Leslie G. D. Smith; F. F. Jarvis; John Rothenstein; J. B. Stevenson.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	372
PROLOGUE TO A POEM. By Hamish Henderson	373
REVIEWS:	Page
In Pictures. By G. W. Stonier	373
Ladies Whose Bright Eyes. By John Davenport	374
The Oracles Are Not So Dumb. By K. John	374
A Neglected Queen. By Ralph Partridge	374
Bumper Crop. By Lawrence Gowing	376
Science and Philosophy. By Richard Wollheim	377
New Novels. By J. D. Scott	377
SHORTER REVIEWS	378
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	379
CHESS. By Assiac	380
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	380

The I.R.A. of the Nile

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN relations are developing according to the monotonous pattern which we have come to associate with the handling by the Foreign Office of Middle Eastern affairs. At first the Foreign Office expresses a haughty confidence that all can remain unchanged. Then, as the rumbles of outraged nationalism begin, comes a period of vacillation, leading to a hurried decision to negotiate. This is soon followed by the discovery that agreement can only be achieved on terms which outrage British prestige. At this point the House of Commons expresses its indignant support for a policy of firmness, and the Foreign Secretary is advised by his officials and by the Chiefs of Staff to obtain American backing and then call the bluff. So he stands firm until the opportunity for an honourable settlement has slipped away, only to discover, when the clash comes, that he has no American backing and that it was he who was bluffing after all. The last phase, the ignominious withdrawal, then ensues.

In the case of Egypt, the opportunity for withdrawal on honourable terms from the Canal Zone came in the days immediately following the agreement on the Sudan. It had been confidently expected in Cairo that, once this agreement was signed, Mr. Eden would declare his acceptance of the principle of evacuation and then proceed to work out the technical provisions for maintaining the base in peace-time. Though we cannot know why this opportunity was missed, we can surmise that Mr. Churchill's memories of Omdurman, and the violent indignation of the Tory back-benchers, had something to do with it. So, instead of clinching the deal quickly with Neguib, Mr. Eden tried to strengthen his bargaining power by obtaining the backing of Mr. Dulles. The effect of this manoeuvre was to emphasise the weakness of Britain and to stiffen Egyptian intransigence. The Americans then hurriedly made it clear in Cairo that they had never thought much of the joint approach.

Though the circumstances differ in each case, there is a thread which links Egypt with Palestine and Persia—the blindness of the Foreign Office. It still fails to see that General Neguib's bargaining position is as strong as that of Mossadeq and of Ben Gurion. And for the same reason. He too is prepared to pull the whole house down in ruins rather than concede the principle of national independence. He too is uninfluenced by arguments of economic interest or by what Englishmen describe as common sense.

If Mr. Eden regards this kind of nationalism, with its mixture of reckless courage and cunning calculation, as an exotic Middle Eastern growth, he might well recall the history of a small nation nearer home, which successfully challenged British Imperialism. General Neguib has certainly studied the tactics of the Irish Republicans, and he is just as ready as Mr. de Valera to decide on his own terms whether he will fight or be reasonable.

One or Two Swallows from Moscow

Mr. Churchill is wise to make a quick acceptance of General Chuikov's offer to discuss the Berlin air corridors. He did well also to refuse in the Commons on Tuesday to follow Mr. Arthur Henderson in niggling about the wording of the Russian Note. This, as Mr. Churchill understands, is not the moment for the Party points of international politics. Ever since M. Malenkov's first ritual oration over his master's bier, Soviet speeches have carried redoubled emphasis on the Kremlin's peaceful intentions and on the desirability of co-existence between the two halves of the world. If this were all, it would perhaps be no great matter. But the speeches have been accompanied by two practical offers: first the conference on the corridors; secondly, the Russian offer to "use good offices" in securing the release of our erstwhile Minister in South Korea, and other civilians who have been Chinese prisoners since the beginning of the war.

Of course it can be argued that these encouraging gestures do not of themselves amount to very much, and that in any case they pointedly exclude the Americans. There is already a tendency for semi-official

utterances to dismiss the Soviet approach as no more than the old attempt to drive a wedge between Britain and the U.S. It may be so indeed, but the danger to-day is not that the Soviet Union can damage Anglo-American relations, but that the reasonable desire to maintain a defensive Anglo-American axis will increasingly commit this country to U.S. policies which are not defensive. A wedge driven between Britain and the extremes of Mr. Dulles's liberation policy may be in the best interests both of British security and the avoidance of world war.

Our fear is that natural caution about Russian intentions may obscure the essential fact that a genuine change of the Soviet attitude towards negotiation with the West would almost certainly appear as a series of small gestures, none by itself conclusive. The first swallow may be traditionally dismissed as a deceiver; but to ignore it when it is placed in series with its followers may be to miss the long-awaited summer. Since British policy has been, ostensibly, to rearm in the hope of inducing the Russians to negotiate, it is vital that every Soviet approach should be treated at its face value. Only so can it be tested; only so can we be sure of not missing the wood for our preoccupation with the trees.

Helping the Continent

For the Continental members of O.E.E.C., this week's session in Paris was more agreeable than expected. Not merely did Mr. Butler give assurances that Britain had no intention of "pulling a fast one," in concert with Washington, to give sterling "convertible" respectability at the expense of the rest of Europe; he announced that British tourists, this year, would be allowed to spend abroad an extra £8m. or thereabouts, and that additional imports from the Continent of textiles and "marginal" foodstuffs would be allowed to enter Britain at a cost to the British balance of payments estimated at £32m. Considering the fact that Britain's deficit with E.P.U. is still £200m., in addition to the £100m. of lost gold, these concessions—as Mr. Gaitskell implied when they were announced—are difficult to justify on strict economic grounds. The raising, however, of the travel allowance to £40, with more for children and cars, will be electorally popular. Moreover, apart from the fact that France was threatening to apply still stiffer retaliatory restrictions on imports of British goods, Mr. Butler and Mr. Eden had doubtless been schooled in Washington that it was essential *politically* to do something economic to ease the situation of the Christodemocrat *bloc* on the Continent. Italy, where Signor De Gasperi is having more trouble than even he could have expected in getting the Senate to swallow his Election Bill, will certainly benefit from the enlarged British food import quotas. It is doubtful, on the other hand, whether France, whose prices are definitely out of step with her neighbours' level, will be greatly assisted by our relaxation of limits to imports of manufactures. It seems to have been generally accepted in Paris that this "liberalisation" of trade on Britain's part means that the question of convertibility of sterling is at least postponed; and this view is supported by the fact that the E.P.U. mechanism, which was due to end in June, and which would have been incompatible with the free pound, has been prolonged for a year.

Nyasaland and Federation

Having returned to Central Africa, the chiefs who came to London to protest against federation have lost no time in drawing conclusions from the apparent fruitlessness of their visit to this country. Some indication of the high seriousness of their opposition, and of the racial situation likely to result from imposing federation, may be gathered from a statement issued last month by Chief Mwase, president of the All-Nyasaland Chiefs Council, and only now available in this country. This statement mentions a meeting at Blantyre of the management committee of the Nyasaland chiefs' organisation, and records its decisions. "It was resolved to advise all Nyasaland African people at home and abroad to have nothing to do with the White Paper issued by the Government after the recent Federation conference in London *as it does not contain anything beneficial* to the African people of Nyasaland." Arrangements were to be made to hold public meetings to that effect in all provinces; and chiefs were detailed to take charge of these arrangements. Chief Mwase concludes his statement with an appeal for money with which to fight federation. "Nyasaland is a Protectorate and a free country," he says: "our freedom cannot therefore be left at the mercy of the Southern Rhodesian referendum. Let us pull together as one race and never become an enemy of your own country and people." If the British Government persists in imposing federation, it will not be able to complain that it was not warned, and warned authoritatively. Chief Mwase and his colleagues are the most respected and respectable Africans in Nyasaland.

The Commons Debate

Meanwhile, Tuesday's Commons debate on the federation introduced no arguments which have not become familiar in the months of preparatory Party manoeuvre. That Mr. Lyttelton and many of his supporters genuinely believe in a "magnificent conception" of federation need not be doubted. Indeed many Labour people agree. The current argument turns on whether the present scheme contains adequate safeguards for the Africans and whether it is either right or expedient to force through a new constitution in the interests of a White minority, and in the face of nearly unanimous African opposition. Almost all Labour Members now agree that, on these grounds at least, the scheme must be opposed. The course of Tuesday's debate is evidence of the strength of their position. Neither Mr. Lyttelton, nor any other Tory spokesman, made any convincing case for the adequacy of the safeguards or the haste with which the scheme is being rushed through. Mr. Griffiths's able speech, without in any way departing from his known belief in the merits of some form of federation, gave impressive warning of the enmity we should incur among the African leaders of tomorrow by forcing this scheme through now The Labour revolt was comparatively unimportant. About fifteen members abstained. They are a small group, who have for some time been committed on this issue and who, in spite of active propaganda, have steadily lost the support of their colleagues. In narrow parliamentary terms, there was some drama in Mr. Stanley Evans's speech. He is a clever, theatrical orator, who understands that nothing attracts more attention than an attack on one's own Party. There is also considerable discussion inside the Labour Party on an interpretation of the Standing Orders loose enough to permit not only a collective abstention, but two speeches, by Mr. Evans and Mr. Hobson, sharply attacking the Party decision. But the outside public, here and in Africa, who want to know where the Labour Party stands on federation, can take it that Mr. Griffiths expressed the view of all but a small, cantankerous minority.

American Labour Unity?

Mr. Walter Reuther, the president of the C.I.O., has just laid down the conditions on which he would agree to re-unification with the American Federation of Labour. The terms are stiff, or at least will seem stiff to the A.F. of L., which is very much aware that it is now the larger and more wealthy of the two big union federations. Mr. Reuther insists that the C.I.O. cannot change its industrial structure in any way that will allow craft unions to whittle away members from the big C.I.O. organisations; that there must be very specific agreement about jurisdictional disputes; that racketeers must be weeded out of A.F. of L. unions; and that the united body should not recognise any union which practices religious or racial discrimination. The real stumbling block, of course, is the question of jurisdiction. Since the C.I.O. broke away from the A.F. of L. in 1936, both federations have included unions organising much the same field. Reunion would therefore raise a host of problems, not the least of which would be the job of merging overlapping or competing unions. A similar problem would exist on the national level, where two rival bureaucracies have grown up, each with its own career men, specialists and organisers. A combined federation could not find room for all of them. No doubt Mr. Reuther is staking out a good bargaining position, much as he has done in the past with the auto manufacturers. But the price of unity is very big concessions on both sides. The question is whether, in a Republican era, when trade union membership has ceased to expand, unity may seem to offer bigger dividends than rivalry.

GENEVA

Chances for East-West Trade

A Correspondent in Geneva writes: Viewed in retrospect, the E.C.E. session just ended was amicable by past standards. The U.S. delegation kept in the background, while most West European delegates were concerned largely with arguing that the Secretariat's last Survey—an unprecedentedly gloomy diagnosis of Europe's ills since the war—was unduly pessimistic. Some delegates found encouragement in the slightly friendlier references by Easterners to the various technical committees. For instance, the Czech delegate thought that the Electric Power Committee was "showing a tendency to become useful," while Mr. Arutiunian indicated that the U.S.S.R. would attend the next meeting of the Timber Committee, which, in the opinion of the Poles, was proving "an aid to promoting trade."

The sequel to the session—the trade meeting scheduled for mid-April—may prove of more importance than the session itself. If one could leave the American factor out of account, the setting for the coming talks might be regarded as favourable. There is some evidence that the Russians, whose approach is undoubtedly more political than economic, are inclined now to see in trade expansion with the West a means—which they feel will work to their advantage—of relaxing international tensions. On the Western side, the economic advantages of non-dollar grain, timber and coal, and of additional markets for manufacturers, are dominant. But there is also the political consideration that diminished dependence on America would give Western Europe more room in which to manœuvre and a better position from which to bargain for dollar aid.

As for the E.C.E. Secretariat, the official policy is "progressive normalisation" of East-West relations. Under cover of this nebulous phrase, one group believes that any expansion of trade would be "a good thing" in that it would soften the Cold War; but another group holds the view that, while Russia may desire to trade with the West for political reasons of its own, it is opposed to its "satellites" doing so, lest such trade loosen its hold over them. In any case, considering the attitude of Congress, few believe that there will be immediate concrete results from the April talks. The most that is hoped is that they will be continued on a bilateral basis in various capitals—with a further general meeting, perhaps in the autumn.

KENYA

Mr. Awori Warned

A Correspondent in Nairobi writes: Mr. Odede had been under arrest for barely an hour when Mr. Awori, Treasurer and now Acting President of the Kenya African Union, was summoned to Government House. At the interview which followed, His Excellency emphasised to Mr. Awori that Mr. Odede's arrest and detention had nothing whatever to do with his legitimate activities as Acting President of the K.A.U. or as member of the Legislative Council. He went on, however, to warn Mr. Awori himself that serious accusations against him were accumulating, and that, if the Government found these accusations substantiated by evidence, it would not hesitate to take action against him.

Later, the Government granted Mr. Awori's request to see Mr. Odede and placed an aircraft at his disposal, to fly him to Mombasa, where the African leader is being kept in detention at Kwale, about twenty miles away from the township. As a result of his visit, Mr. Awori is satisfied that Mr. Odede is being given physically good treatment: he has a small house, a servant is provided, and newspapers and books are made available to him. I gather that Mr. Odede will take advantage of a recent Government regulation to appeal against his detention to an Advisory Committee that has been set up for such purposes. The appeal will be presented by Mr. Dudley Thomson, the Tanganyika West-Indian lawyer who recently assisted in the case against ex-Senior Chief Koinange.

So far as Mr. Awori is concerned, there have been no developments following the Governor's warning. He is anxious to ask Sir Evelyn to permit him to hold at least one experimental meeting with his people, so that he can impress upon them the utter futility of the path of violence. He has, I understand, already made such a request to the Chief Secretary, who has promised to think over the matter.

Hysteria and Liberty

BRITISH critics of Senators McCarthy and McCarran are accustomed to being denounced in America as "anti-Americans." In Britain, old-fashioned sticklers who dislike informers and "character assassins" are accused of disrupting Anglo-American relations and wickedly exaggerating the importance and danger of the witch-hunt. There are signs that the tide is about to turn; some Americans are now discovering what should always have been obvious—that McCarthy and McCarran are using fear of Communism as a means to personal power.

A welcome sign that America is at last waking up is to be found in a recent *New Yorker* editorial, whose language is stronger than that of any foreign commentator. "The rising tide of conformity and docility," it wrote on March 7, "is a national emergency." It speaks of the "reign of terror in which witnesses, chosen somewhat whimsically and dressed in immunity . . . do irreparable damage to . . . almost anybody they care to mention," and goes on to admit that "a very great majority of Americans are deeply worried": the witch-hunt has managed "to infect every person and every business in the nation."

The immediate cause of the *New Yorker's* anxiety was the announcement of a playwriting contest, in which the sponsors reserved their right to disqualify any entrant involved in "scholastic, literary, political or moral controversy." But it rightly linked this symptom of widespread hysteria with the excesses which the inquisitors have lately driven their constitutional right of investigation. Senator McCarthy's wild and comic attacks on the "Voice of America" (which has been wicked enough to broadcast Marxist material to which Russians might listen!) forced the State Department to capitulate. Emboldened, he and some other Senators are now calling on Whittaker Chambers to support their smear campaign against Mr. Bohlen, ambassador-designate to Moscow. Representative Velde, angered by clerical critics of the Un-American Activites Committee witch-hunt in schools and universities, threatened in a recent broadcast that he would investigate "Communist infiltration" of the churches.

Criticism is no longer confined to anxious liberals. M. Raymond Aron, of *Le Figaro*, is a conservative French journalist who has consistently argued—as Miss Rebecca West still does in the *Sunday Times*—that there has been no hysteria in the U.S.; that there has been nothing to justify the phrase "witch-hunts"; and that the victims of the inquisitors have really been Communist traitors. Now M. Aron has paid another visit to the United States, and he has made a remarkable and honest confession of error. He could not continue, he said, to defend America against charges that its politics are dominated by fear and hysteria. He had misjudged the situation, and must admit his opponents were right.

One must, indeed, be a poor reporter or a prejudiced apologist to take any other view of the facts. Suicides are one telling symptom. Abe Feller of the United Nations, and Laurence Duggan of the State Department, threw themselves from windows. Mr. Kaplan, a radio engineer, who had worked on transmitters whose siting had been criticised by Senator McCarthy, threw himself under a lorry, leaving this tragic note to his wife and child.

> I have not done anything in my job which I did not think was in the best interests of the country, or of which I am ashamed. And the interest of my country is to fight Communism hard. The selection of what may turn out to be relatively poor sites for the stations was not done deliberately to place them in poor locations, but was done on what we thought was competent advice on how to get the strongest signals in target areas. Once the dogs are set on you, everything you have done since the beginning of time is suspect. . . .

Such a case bears vivid witness to Mrs. Roosevelt's charge that "we are frightening the American people out of their wits."

The three separate committees that are now making a search for "subversion" in the schools and universities are merely carrying on a process which has already affected American diplomats and civil servants, publishers and authors, playwrights, actors and movie-makers, radio and television stars, and Americans employed by the United Nations. Action by Congress or State legislatures is accompanied by the privateering forays by unofficial bodies, such as the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and a host of smaller groups which rely on such journals as *Counterattack* (run by former F.B.I. men) and *Alert* (its Pacific Coast counterpart).

It is still not too late for Americans to stop the drift towards totalitarian conformity and to restore decent standards of controversy. There has, in fact, been a healthy and vigorous reaction in recent weeks. Senator McCarthy correctly prophesied, in his pleasant fashion, that there would be "considerable screaming about academic freedom" when he started the inquiry into education. He probably did not foresee that Dr. James Conant, formerly President of Harvard and now U.S. High Commissioner in Germany, would testify strongly against it, telling Senator Wiley that "only the instigation of a police state within the university itself" would make identification of Communists possible, and that this could not be done "without destroying the life of the university." An even sharper rebuff came from Senator Taft, who insisted that Communists had a right to teach so long as they did not indoctrinate. And there has been growing support across the United States for teachers who refuse to testify and college presidents who assert the principle of academic independence. The Association of University Professors has declared that special loyalty oaths and dismissal for refusal to take them are a violation of academic rights, and has condemned "current methods . . . to tackle the problem of subversion" as "damaging to freedom of teaching".

The support given to Owen Lattimore in his stand against Senator McCarran creates one centre of resistance. His case—an indictment for perjury—is one reason why many teachers refuse to testify, invoking the Fifth Amendment, which protects witnesses against self incrimination, though they thereby run the risk of a citation for contempt.

The reason why education has been singled out for attack is not any real challenge from Communist ideology. It is significant that not

one student has yet been called to testify to "indoctrination"; not one lecture note has been sub-poenaed to discover what was taught; and not one teacher has been asked if he advanced Marxist theories. The witnesses have been questioned about their social contacts with Negroes, the kind of magazines they read, whether they preferred Shelley to Keats and whether they "felt joy" at hearing of Soviet victories over the Nazis. The target of the inquisitors has been the open mind, which Bella Dodd, a former Communist leader who has since become a Catholic, described as a "danger." As a Communist, she said, she had tried "to teach people how to think," whereas since her conversion she felt that "what you have to do is to see the truth." A similar view was expressed by the Very Rev. Hunter Guthrie, S.J., President of Georgetown University, who considers that academic freedom is "the soft under-belly of our American way of life." It is not surprising, when such views are current, that a large convention of educators should vigorously applaud Mrs. Agnes Meyer, wife of the owner of the *Washington Post*, when she condemned Senator McCarthy as "a dangerous and ruthless demagogue" and a "political adventurer with a shameful record." And it is impossible to disagree with her warning to those who still stand above the battle that "Senator McCarthy would not dare to challenge education now" if a national defence of academic freedom had been organised when the attacks first began.

Such signs of a rallying opposition at least show that some Americans see that the real threat to internal security lies within America, not in Moscow or Peking. It stems from Senator McCarthy, his imitators and their dupes. The new Administration is at last becoming dimly aware of this; even that bulwark of rock-ribbed Republicanism, Mr. Dulles, is being thwarted by the witch-hunters. By now, President Eisenhower should have learnt that liberty is not defended by appeasing hysteria.

Re-arming to Death

THE Service Ministers, justifying their Estimates, have each in turn had their say in Parliament; nothing they have said has changed importantly the picture presented by the Defence White Paper last February. In the revised, and enlarged, programme finally formulated under American pressure by Mr. Attlee's Government, the cost of the Three Year Plan for Defence was to be, at 1950 prices, £4,700m., of which £2,800m. were to be devoted to "hardware"—arms and equipment. This programme has been slashed. It is now admitted that, in the years 1951-54, total Defence expenditure, at the prices of 1950, will not greatly exceed £3,400m.—a cut of well over 25 per cent. The whole of this economy has fallen on the production of arms and equipment. Expenditure on personnel and movements has considerably increased: manpower in the fighting services has risen from 660,000 in 1950 to 866,000 in 1952, while the cost of external commitments—even before the Germans stop paying Occupation charges—has increased from £112m. in 1950 to an estimated £150m. last year. As a result, in terms of current prices, "non-productive" Defence expenditure in the three-year period ending March, 1954, will be £2,278m., against £1,900m. originally projected. Thus, the actual expenditure on "hardware," in terms of 1950 prices, will be only £1,480m. or little more than half the volume of production originally proposed.

With the strategic lunacy of a policy of saving money on arms while burdening our economy with increased numbers in uniform, we have already dealt. (*N.S. & N.*, Feb. 28.) The Chancellor of the Exchequer is not a military strategist; but, as he considers the draft of his *Economic Survey* for 1953 and the problems of the approaching Budget, he can hardly blind himself to the damage which is being done to the economy of this country by the Defence programme, even in its now "deflated" form. Though production of armaments is lagging behind schedule, Defence is now absorbing 2.15 million persons, or almost 10 per cent. of the working population—an intolerable diversion from civil exports.

But this is not the end of the story. The burden of the Defence programme could not be sustained at all but for direct U.S. military aid, coupled with the placing by the U.S. in this country of "off-shore" purchases of armaments for the use generally of Nato members—a method of easing Britain's balance of payments which Congress found less objectionable than direct aid. The result of such purchases—already concluded to the tune of $167m.—is that our Defence industries have become an important means of earning hard currencies. Indeed, the Centurion tank—of which some £30 millions' worth has been sold on U.S. account—has displaced whisky as our most important single dollar export. For this achievement, however, a grim price has had to be paid. Not merely are we at the mercy of the whims of a Congress whose policy may prove to be as unpredictable as that of any of its predecessors; by adapting our economy, on the scale we have done, to the production and sale of arms backed by dollar aid, we have put ourselves in a highly vulnerable position. We shall find it difficult to revert quickly to production for export of peace-time goods. It will cost us time to switch our production, and involve great and increasing effort to find outlets in markets which American, German and Japanese competitors are penetrating at our expense. Britain, in fact, has now furnished itself, as the U.S. has already done, with a powerful economic incentive to perpetuate the Cold War.

Our new dependence, however, on the profits of acting as an international Merchant of Death is not the sole reason for holding that even the present arms programme represents a disproportionate burden on Britain. True enough, the argument originally adduced against it—that it would founder through lack of raw materials and productive facilities—is no longer the relevant one. Bottle-necks which delayed the start of Defence production have been largely eliminated: steel supplies have increased, and output this year is expected to be over 2 million tons larger than two years ago. Moreover, the Government can claim its own "success" in restricting demand directly competitive with armaments. The policy of "disinflation," launched by Mr. Gaitskell and pursued with even greater intensity by Mr. Butler, has greatly eased the pressure on the engineering industry of domestic demand for durable consumers' goods whose manufacture competes with that of guns, tanks and aeroplanes. To that extent butter has been removed from the reach of the British people. But the factor which has played the greatest part in enabling Mr. Butler to restrict demand and so finance the Defence programme without an immediate crisis has been sacrifice of capital investment.

Even in 1950-51 the rate of such investment was inadequate. The subsequent cut of some £200m. a year—a reduction of 10 per cent.—meant that our expenditure on the maintenance and expansion of our fixed capital equipment, on whose efficiency our survival as a civilised country depends, sank to 13 per cent. of our national income, against 20 per cent. in Western Germany and 15 per cent. in the U.S. In absolute figures, our investment annually in plant and equipment in manufacturing industries is barely £450m., as compared with £4,800m. in the U.S., which has less than twice as many workers in manufacturing. The American workers are assisted by almost six times as much new machinery per head as the British. Since 1939 the U.S. has doubled its capital equipment, whereas we only got back to our pre-war position in 1950 and have made little progress since. Whereas U.S. production has increased by 5 per cent. every year, so that both consumption and private investment have risen substantially since 1949, despite immense arms expenditure, British production since 1950 has actually been declining.

No doubt, for a year or so we might neglect investment with relative impunity. But we are now settling down—or at least are being told that we must settle down—for the "long pull." If the burden of the rearmament programme has been relatively painless, and if our balance of payment has not collapsed, it is clear that we have purchased this temporary easement only at the cost of endangering our economic future. We have been able to reduce imports only because our production has shrunk; and we have been able to increase armaments (albeit much less than we intended) only because the fall in our output has been accompanied by a still greater decline both of consumption and investment. If we are to equip our industry sufficiently to maintain even our present relatively inferior rate of production, we must increase our rate of fixed investment by at least one-third—mainly in coal, steel and engineering; and at the same time we must at all costs endeavour to make the sterling area less dependent on imports of engineering products. The present Defence programme can be continued—without danger of early disaster—only by the imposition of a siege economy accompanied either by the reimposition of war-time controls or a devaluation of the pound sufficient to produce a slash in consumption. Neither party in Parliament is prepared for such a contingency.

There is not much time to lose. The present prosperity in the U.S., astounding as it is, rests on very unstable foundations, which are being undermined by a combination of financial "rectitude" and economic prejudice. Even the U.S. cannot be immune indefinitely from the effects of the deflationary policies and Cold War trade boycotts imposed on the capitalist sector of the world. No doubt, the onset of depression in the U.S. will be fought hard by the present, or any other, Administration. But it would be foolish to hope that Washington will evolve a policy resolute enough, flexible enough, or quick enough in action to prevent *our* position becoming desperate in the event of even a moderate American slump. Present policy combines the worst of both worlds. It is leaving us increasingly exposed to the blast of American fluctuations without giving our own economy a chance of withstanding them through increased investment and productivity. We may succeed in carrying on for some time in a state of semi-depression; but if we continue with Defence expenditure on its present scale we shall find in the end that we have rearmed ourselves to death.

London Diary

THE Prime Minister's midnight communiqué last Monday announcing that the Judges' Bill had been postponed till after Easter is a notable triumph for the 1922 Committee and in particular for its chairman, Derek Walker Smith. Apparently some Ministers had already warned Mr. Churchill that he would have trouble with this measure, but their objections in the Cabinet had been swept away by a flood of Churchillian oratory. Under the blandishments of the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice, the Prime Minister had fallen in love with it, and was already rehearsing a particularly brilliant oration with which he was to move the second reading. Then, last Wednesday, the 1922 Committee, which had given Mr. Eden such rough handling over the Sudan Agreement a few weeks ago, moved into action. The unfortunate Mr. Boyd Carpenter was hauled before the Committee to explain the Bill, but failed to satisfy anyone. On Monday Mr. Walker Smith and a small delegation informed the Prime Minister that the Government would not have a majority on Thursday. Whereupon Mr. Churchill surrendered.

* * *

What interests me is the success of the 1922 Committee in getting its way without being accused of disloyalty or "splitting the Party." That this is partly due to the friendliness of most of the Press will be clear to anyone who recollects what the newspapers said when Labour back-benchers compelled Mr. Attlee to reduce the term of national service to 12 months in 1947. What matters in politics is not so much what you actually do, but what you seem to be doing, and that depends almost entirely on what the newspapers say you are doing. But I think there is another reason why Tories can rebel more gracefully than Socialists. The Parliamentary Labour Party always meets as a Party operating under Standing Orders and with either the Cabinet or the Shadow Cabinet on the platform. Back-benchers are now expressly forbidden to get together outside this meeting and criticise the official line. Any Socialist revolt, therefore, must be an act of open rebellion, staged in the presence of the leaders. The Tories manage things very differently. There is no official meeting of the Conservative Parliamentary Party. Instead there is the 1922 Committee, an unofficial body which includes every back-bencher and excludes the leaders. Ministers, indeed, are only permitted to attend when expressly summoned by the Chairman. By its very constitution, therefore, the 1922 Committee authorises the discussion and criticism of official policy which the Labour Party condemns as disloyalty.

* * *

I should add, in fairness, that the Parliamentary Labour Party's rigid discipline is not now being enforced as severely as was thought when standing orders were reintroduced last April after the famous revolt of the 57. At that time it was assumed that majority decisions would be absolutely binding on every Labour M.P. except on such issues as pacifism, temperance and denominational schools on which the Labour Party has always admitted a conscientious right of abstention. But in last Tuesday's debate on Central African Federation a new precedent was established. For some weeks a small but well-organised group of extreme Right-wingers, headed by Mr. Gordon Walker, Mr. Stokes and Mr. Stanley Evans, have been furiously opposing the official line and supporting Mr. Lyttelton. On Tuesday they were permitted to abstain despite the fact there was a three-line Whip. This toleration of an organised minority inside the Labour Party is as welcome as it is unexpected. I detest the views of Mr. Gordon Walker about Central Africa, but I will always defend his right to hold them, just as I will always oppose the attempts to dragoon with threats of expulsion those who deviate from the Party line. But we must wait and see if the tolerance extended to Mr. Gordon Walker and his friends really denotes a change of heart, or whether, as I suspect, it is only deviations to the Right which will be regarded as truly conscientious.

* * *

I am glad to see that Nye Bevan's first big speaking engagement in London is on the platform of the Peace with China Council; the meeting is at 7 p.m. at the Central Hall, Westminster, on Wednesday, April 1. This should be a most interesting occasion. No one can accuse him of being contumaceous on this platform even if he makes a speech there which some of his colleagues detest. On paper there is no difference in policy between Nye's friends and the least Socialist of Labour leaders. The difference is that Nye gives the appearance of wanting to put into practice the policy he professes. Judging from his first article in *Reynolds* last Sunday he was particularly impressed in Burma, just as I was two months ago, by the importance of the Kuomintang marauders who still haunt the Burmese frontier. That they are supplied from Formosa and that their presence is a permanent invitation to the Chinese Communists to intervene in Burma is indisputable. So is the fact that their reinforcements and supplies cannot reach the Burmese frontier except through Siam, where no personnel or supplies can move without American connivance. It is typical of Nye Bevan that when people expect him to be brilliant but vague and starry-eyed, he comes out with a concrete, urgent challenge. The Burmese are right in raising this aggression from Formosa at the United Nations and Mr. Eden, we hope, will see in time that waffling about a commission of investigation in the Shan States is no more than a form of procrastination.

* * *

Even if I didn't feel a quite angry sympathy with Mr. Laslo Szilvassy, the man who broke the winning model in the Unknown Political Prisoner competition before I got there, I should still be shocked at the Bow Street magistrate's action in twice refusing him bail on a charge of this kind under the Malicious Damage Act. Mr. Szilvassy, having spent a week in Brixton Prison while the police found out that, as an alien, he had failed to notify a change of employment, has now gone back there to await trial by jury at London Sessions. "Bail," said the magistrate, "will not be granted." Why? The imprisonment of a person awaiting trial can only be justified when there are strong reasons to believe that he will otherwise go into hiding, or repeat his offence, or in some other way "defeat the ends of justice." How long can a registered alien in this country evade arrest on a warrant for "absconding from bail"? Is it supposed that Mr. Szilvassy will go around smashing up wire "abstracts" unless he is locked up? Is justice served by denying Common Law rights to visitors from other countries? Mr. Szilvassy has the right to apply for bail to a Judge of the High Court, and presumably, since the law requires it, he was told so at Bow Street. I would be very surprised if a judge refused such an application, and more surprised if he refused after visiting the exhibition.

There is nothing improbable about the story that Queen Mary said that she hoped she would die soon because she didn't want her death to embarrass the Coronation preparations. Such a remark would be quite in keeping with her pluck and common sense. She has often needed both. Harold Nicolson is not alone in revealing that she had a most difficult time in her early married life, marooned in the dreariest of royal houses, observing the most boring of protocols, compelled to listen to conversation almost wholly concerned with shooting and the Navy, and cut off from all the wider artistic and literary interests which she had acquired on the Continent. Gradually she succeeded in building a special place for herself in the national life. A friend of mine, a housing expert, once gave me details of a visit that explained much of her reputation and popularity. My friend was informed from the Palace that the Queen wished to see examples of slum clearance and re-housing. She arrived punctually and spent two exhausting hours conscientiously and meticulously examining one flat after another and showing, to the delight and surprise of the residents, intimate knowledge of where the sink should be in relation to the window and the fire, and other such bits of domestic expertise. In one flat which had portraits of the King and Queen on either side of the mantelpiece she said: "I see you have Our portrait"; and then, as if by an afterthought, "and the King's." She happened, on this visit, to run into two birthday parties; one of an old lady and the other of a child. Both received appropriate presents from the Queen after her visit—the old lady got a bright knitted blanket and the child a toy. When they got back to my friend's office, the Queen said: "We are not pressed for time to-day; have you anything else to show us?" And they set off for another long and exhausting conducted tour. Another story was told to me by Margot Oxford. One day she lunched alone with King George and Queen Mary. George started to tell one of his usual naval stories by mentioning a cask of rum. Mary interrupted: "'Keg,' George." George replied: "No, Mary, 'cask.'" "'Keg!'" said Mary firmly. "'Cask,'" said George more irritably. The Queen appealed to Margot who replied: "Both seem to me correct, Your Majesty." CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Beauty spots associated with Robin Hood will be protected from damage by a new tank training ground in Sherwood Forest.—*Daily Herald.* (B. W Goodman.)

Dumbo Willans, the Hillhead High School boy who became Europe's No. 1 test parachutist, is of the breed of Briton who is kind to foreigners and animals.—*Sunday Mail.* (Alastair R. Thompson.)

We have always associated Cubism, Vorticism, Surrealism, and the rest with Socialism, Communism, Anarchism—and the rest.—Editorial in *Daily Mail.* (W. Heywood.)

A two-and-a-half hours drinking extension has been granted at Eastbourne for today's entertainment of delegates to the Soft Drinks Manufacturers conference.—*News Chronicle.* (John Wright.)

In taking leave of our visitors we are glad that Mr. Popovic found our London policemen "wonderful." This is so traditional and true a remark as to constitute evidence that his Communism may be only skin-deep.—*Daily Telegraph.* (J. Fitzsimons.)

THE UNKNOWN PATRON

"If any information is available as to who donated the prize money for this competition . . . we would be very interested to receive it."
American National Sculptors' Society.

The Unknown Political Prisoner was the theme,
Unknowns in their thousands went in for the competition,
Unknown the misguided if well-intentioned backer of the scheme,
Donating prize-money on a princely scale for this absolutely disastrous Exhibition.

Nameless the patron who egged on the sculptors to sculp,
(Though noteworthy as an example of spectacular and almost incredible munificence)
It was not his fault if the critics concurred in reducing competitors to pulp
For devising unsuccessful generalisations of quite unprecedented insignificance.

So it is under the circumstances greatly to be deplored
That America's Sculptors' Society on the sponsor should vent its indignation and fury
Which could, if they feel that way, far more justifiably be poured
On the international artists, not to mention the international jury.

Unless the patronage of art is an offence in American eyes,
However appalling the result, the unfortunate patron is artistically blameless,
But if it is a disservice to sculpture to offer the most distinguished failure a four-figure prize,
It is lucky for all concerned that the donor in the first instance decided to be nameless.

The anonymous patron himself might now be symbolically shown
In the painful position of the prisoner presented as a geometric abstraction,
As a captive cube, or monolith, or manifestly righteous and innocent cone
Hemmed in between horribly bristling rhomboids clearly intent on retaliatory action.

For while our critics declare themselves merely horrified discouraged bewildered and depressed
The American Sculptors' attitude is definitely menacing and distinctly ominous.
So in the interest of Anglo-American Cultural Relations and the aesthetic unity of the West,
It is a far, far better thing that the Patron like the Prisoner should remain completely invisible and anonymous.

SAGITTARIUS

Brother McHugh

LAST September, when the British motor industry found that export orders were declining sharply, the Austin works at Longbridge dismissed 775 of its employees as redundant. Among them was John McHugh, then the chief shop steward of the National Union of Vehicle Builders, in which some 2,300 of the Austin workers are organised. He was dismissed on September 5, 1952, after he had been employed by Austins for fifteen years. No one seems to have complained about his work; the company has stated at least twice that they have nothing against his conduct, and on September 22, Brigadier Barraclough, the chairman of the Local Conference of the Engineering Employers' Federation, conceded that "there is no question whatsoever of McHugh having misbehaved." Yet John McHugh was not included among those subsequently re-engaged. After several months of negotiation, the Vehicle Builders began an official strike on February 17 to secure his reinstatement, and production at Longbridge came almost to a stop. Though the other unions did not endorse the strike, most of their members were thrown out of work. Twelve thousand men were made idle at Longbridge alone, and thousands of others have gone on to short time in factories which supply components to Austin's.

Austin workers already knew McHugh as a militant trade unionist, who could be seen well to the fore at works-gate meetings organised by the Economic League, leading the heckling and challenging the speakers. For a short time, he says, he was a member of the Communist Party. But he has one of those rebellious temperaments which find party discipline as irksome as industrial discipline, and he left the C.P. four years ago. When he was dismissed, he looked for work at other factories in the district. He told me that work would be promised him, but was never forthcoming after the employer had made inquiries. He was, he claims, blacklisted. The only job publicly offered was one in a firm already engaged in an industrial dispute, and the N.U.V.B. therefore instructed him to refuse it. Then, he says, he borrowed money to buy an insurance book, to maintain himself and his family while the union took up his case; but he disposed of it when the N.U.V.B. asked him to accept "victimisation pay" pending settlement of the dispute. He was, in any case, already meeting a good deal of hostility on his insurance round, owing to press publicity, and since the strike began and has inflicted considerable hardship on thousands of workers, this hostility has increased.

Why, one may ask, should one man claim that Austin's are victimising him by failing to re-employ him? It is here that you begin to pick up some of the tangled threads that run through the web of this strike. For Austin's have never said that they will not accept McHugh back again; they merely say that they will not give him preferential treatment because he was a shop steward. Though it is widely believed at Longbridge that Austin's will not take McHugh back at any price, the management will not admit this. In fact they will admit nothing. Apart from an official statement on the morning the strike began, Austin's refused to make any statement to the press or to comment on any of the allegations made by the strikers.

It is hard to weigh up the McHugh case, because the basic facts are disputed, and because much hinges on differing interpretations of agreements. The Austin management, for instance claim that of the 775 men dismissed at the same time as McHugh, 270 have not yet been re-engaged, and they refuse to take McHugh out of his turn. According to a Parliamentary answer on February 10 to Donald Chapman, M.P., 400 have been taken back, 140 found other jobs, "and the remainder were mostly due for retirement." It would seem from this that, with his 15 years' previous employment, McHugh's turn was at least due, even if it had not already been skipped. Next, on November 14, Austin's gave an undertaking that "preference" would be given to redundant workers when the Company was engaging new starts." Between this date and January 9, the union claims, 43 "new starts" or outside workers were taken on for vehicle building jobs which McHugh was competent to do. Finally, during this same period, Austin's applied to the Selly Oak Labour Exchange for vehicle builders. In the union's view, as McHugh and other dismissed workers were still not employed, this is final proof that Austin's "had no intention of giving the redundant workers employment."

For these reasons the Vehicle Builders insist that they have a clear case of victimisation, and that in seeking to reinstate Brother McHugh they have been fighting a front-line battle for trade union rights. His dismissal, they claim, is the prelude to "the next moves by this Octopus"—the British Motor Corporation. But the following phrases from a strike leaflet give a more important clue to the underlying cause of this dispute: "More output from fewer workers, and lower earnings for the workers who remain. But, first, the strong trade union and shop stewards' organisation must be broken down." The N.U.V.B. is a small union—about 60,000 members—which has taken an aggressive line and managed to work up the rate for the job and thus get good wages for its members. Now, the strikers tell you, they are convinced that the motor manufacturers, led by Austin's, are faced with declining sales, and are beginning an offensive designed to weaken both the N.U.V.B. and the shop stewards, who play the main part in fixing the rate for the job on each production line. McHugh is not the only shop steward who has been severed from Austin's, and other motor works, on grounds of redundancy. The N.U.V.B., moreover, is much more vulnerable than other unions, for the motor industry is more and more exporting components for assembly in overseas markets, and will thus require a smaller proportion of vehicle builders in British factories.

The Austin workers have been losing more than £100,000 a week in wages, and the Austin management has with difficulty managed to maintain a small flow of vehicles, mainly military. But the 2,300 vehicle builders, who are striking, are in a better position than the other men. They receive two pounds basic strike pay, plus five shillings for every child, and most of them have been getting income-tax rebates to the tune of twenty or thirty shillings a week. But the non-strikers, who are also out of work, are much harder hit. They may get about a pound a week "hardship money" from their unions; they may claim Public Assistance—and a special office has had to be opened to cope with the thousands queueing for help; but they do not automatically get Unemployment Benefit. Many of them, indeed, cannot get it at all, for the regulations exclude a man from benefit if those who are taking part in a strike "include any members of the claimant's own trade or class." In the Austin case, where members of the N.U.V.B. and other unions may work together, and in some cases may do precisely the same job, this means that very many non-strikers may be deprived of both work and relief by a strike they did not call.

This hardship is one of the reasons for the inter-union bitterness that has become a feature of this strike. It has happened before, notably in the Rover and Jaguar strikes, and it partly explains the attacks that the local Transport Workers' officials are making on the "phoney militants" of the N.U.V.B., and the counter-charges of "black-legging" and "strike-breaking" which have been heard in the last week as T. & G.W. men have been called back to help restart production. For no one can make sense of this complex situation who does not see that this strike stems at least in part from inter-union rivalry, from which, the unions say, the management has traditionally profited. Longbridge has little sense of "works solidarity." Men have worked at Austin's because they have paid the best wages in the area, not because it was a particularly happy or pleasant factory. In more ways than one, Sir Herbert Austin was the disciple of Henry Ford, and the result has inevitably been bickering and bloody-mindedness on both sides over many years.

Both sides, indeed, as an active group of Buchmanites points out in its efforts to bring the dispute to an end. It needed only the interference of Moral Re-Armament to turn this into the kind

of industrial struggle that one might see portrayed on a stage at Caux. James Leask, the T. & G.W. official most intimately concerned with Longbridge problems, is a fervent believer in the cause of M.R.A., but I do not know whether he has had any direct relations with the two gentlemen—I have their names—who have been calling on the strikes leaders in the last fortnight, explaining that they are "interested in getting a settlement," and adjuring their somewhat restive hosts to commune with their consciences. One or two of the strike leaders have shown them the door at once. "They got me out of bed," one said with asperity, "by telling my wife they had something to do with the Trades Council." Other unionists, caught in their homes at a more favourable moment, have been snared by a conversational technique modelled on the best encyclopedia salesmen, and told that "absolute truth, sincerity and love" will bring both sides together. To this, George Evans, the Vehicle Builders' organiser, understandably retorted that if they could bring him to Mr. Lord, Austin's managing director, or Mr. Lord to him, he would be delighted. They replied that they had not succeeded in contacting Mr. Lord, and went away, leaving Mr. Evans a copy of the *Bombay Chronicle*.

Everyone admits that the strike came at a good moment for the management and at a bad time for the strikers. Strikes are seldom successful in a period of falling trade, and this one began when it had become almost as hard to sell a car at home as abroad. Dealers had stocks; there was already unemployment and short time in the industry, so that there was no danger of skilled men drifting off to other employers. Then why strike? The N.U.V.B. says that it had no option, as a vital principle was at stake. Its opponents circulate a different story. James Leask, of the Transport Workers, says that his members are "sick and tired of being dragooned into politically inspired strike action, provoking disorder and causing stoppages on the slightest pretext." For this reason, the Transport Workers have broken away from the Joint Shop Stewards Committee at Longbridge, and are proposing to form a new Shop Stewards Committee concerned solely "with wages, hours and conditions."

The burden of their complaint is that the Longbridge stewards are controlled by the Communist Party—their convenor, Dick Etheridge, admits his membership—and that the C.P. has engineered this strike around the "victimisation" of Brother McHugh. The purpose, it is alleged, was not merely to consolidate the Communists at Longbridge, and to assist the "militant" N.U.V.B. to raid other unions for members if the strike succeeds. It was also to use the Austin dispute as a centre from which secondary stoppages might be caused throughout the engineering industry. The main evidence advanced to support this argument is that the Austin strike began two days after a national shop stewards conference in London—at which Etheridge was chairman—discussed ways of fighting redundancy; that Harry Pollitt had shortly before called for greater Communist militancy in industry; that the Communist organiser, Peter Kerrigan, held a meeting of Communist factory workers in Birmingham on February 22, after the strike had started; and that the A.E.U. District Committee, said to be under strong Communist influence, on March 4 proposed that sympathetic action should be taken in all plants owned by the British Motor Corporation.

The Transport and General Workers officials are convinced that some such explanation is the only one the facts can carry. "Whether or not the Communists started this," one of them said to me, "they are using it for all they are worth. It has dangerous possibilities." But this kind of argument has so far carried little weight with the rank-and-file strikers. I have seen them pouring into two mass meetings at the Digbeth Institute—nearly two thousand men on each occasion—to vote to continue the strike with almost no dissentients. I have talked to them at these meetings, and at the strike headquarters in a wooden hut just across from the Longbridge works. Before Mr. Lord made his ultimatum, they seemed as solid behind their union as any group of strikers I have ever met, bitterly resentful of the "distortions" of the press and angry against the role that they think the T. & G.W. has played in the dispute.

There is no doubt that the Vehicle Builders have been making a desperate throw in gambling on a strike. They feel themselves threatened far more than any other union in the industry, and to maintain their position they have been prepared to strike at the worst of times, and to provoke, in the case of the Transport Workers, a breach with a much more powerful union, and, in the case of the other Longbridge workers, open hostility and resentment which has left them isolated in the face of the management's brusque demand for capitulation on pain of dismissal. They tried to secure the intervention of the T.U.C., and have been told to get collaboration on the local level with the other unions—with whom they are now at loggerheads—in taking their grievance to a Ministry of Labour court. However this ends, the struggle that have been waged around Brother McHugh is an omen of further troubles in an industry staggering into a buyers' market, and among unions which are no longer sheltered by full employment.

Longbridge. NORMAN MACKENZIE

Finaly Affair

THE famous *affaire Finaly*. Is one to be solemn about it like the anti-clerical League of Human Rights, or pathetic about it like M. Mauriac, or treat it as a huge joke like the *Canard Enchainé*? Is it really the biggest thing to have happened in France for years to stir up anti-clericalism? Or is the alleged ungraciousness and ingratitude of the Finaly aunts and uncles so much grist to the mill of anti-Semitism? Personally I have my doubts; but a French friend said: "Believe me, people in the provinces are more excited about *l'affaire Finaly* than about Indo-China, Germany, or even the death of Stalin!"

The actual facts of the case are fairly simple. A Jewish couple from Austria, who had fled to France in 1936, a Dr. Finaly and his wife, were arrested in Grenoble in 1944, deported to Germany and never heard of again. No doubt, like millions of other Jews, they were put to death in one of the gas-chambers of Ausschwitz or Majdanek. Shortly before their arrest, Dr. Finaly—no doubt fearing the worst—had entrusted his two infant sons to the care of the nuns of Nôtre-Dame de Sion. After the disappearance of Finaly and his wife, the nuns, by arrangement with some of the Finalys' French friends, handed the two boys to the care of Mlle Brun, who was the head of the municipal *crêche* of Grenoble. Mlle Brun, by all accounts a very efficient and capable civil servant, and outwardly, at any rate, not at all the type of the bigoted old spinster, was also a woman of great pluck and had, like the nuns at Nôtre-Dame de Sion, saved a good number of Jewish children from the Nazis. Not that she "adopted" the Finaly children in a personal sense; in fact she farmed them out; but she continued to take a close personal interest in their safety and welfare.

After the Liberation, Jewish uncles and aunts of the two boys in various parts of the world began to make inquiries, in the hope of getting the children "back to the family." The most active among them was their paternal aunt, Mrs. Fischel who lived in New Zealand. She managed to contact Mlle Brun, who was obviously in no hurry to restore the boys to this, or any other, aunt who wasn't a good Catholic. A "family council," composed chiefly of local Jews, but not including any relatives, was formed at Grenoble, on instructions of the Grenoble Court, but it seemed to do very little about the boys' future. Matters dragged on for three years, until finally Mrs. Fischel wrote to the Catholic Bishop of Auckland, who, in turn, referred the matter to the Catholic Archbishop of Westminster who, for his part, wrote to the Bishop of Grenoble. It was about then that Mlle Brun not only wrote to Mrs. Fischel, making it clear that she intended to keep the children—though ostensibly leaving the question of their religion open for the time being—but actually got them christened, sending them, after that, for a year to a convent in Italy. By now the boys were six and seven. Since they had been circumcised at birth—a dangerous step to take in Nazi Europe—it seemed obvious that their parents were determined that they should remain in the Jewish faith, even regardless of the dangers.

Mrs. Fischel, who was far away, and was obviously meeting with very stiff resistance from Mlle Brun, asked another aunt of the children, a Mrs. Rosmer, living in Israel, to deal with the matter. Finally, after endless litigation, in the course of which the Finaly family was represented by a M. Keller, the Court of Appeal of Grenoble appointed Mrs. Rosmer of Israel the children's legal guardian. Mlle Brun promptly appealed against this decision to a higher court, the *Cour de Cassation*, which has not yet given any ruling. But instead of obeying the injunctions of the *Cour d'Appel* that the children be handed over to Mrs. Rosmer's representative, Mlle Brun, obviously encouraged and helped by various priests, sent the children to Bayonne, where their presence was discovered by M. Keller. However, he was unable to get hold of them; before long, it was learned that they had been smuggled into Spain where they appear to be to this day.

It is at this point that the story becomes thoroughly political. It has raised some important issues, and has involved in an almost inextricable squabble the French Government itself, M. Kaplan, the Chief Rabbi of France, Monseigneur Gerlier, the Archbishop of Lyon and Number One personage of the French Catholic Church, judges, lawyers, priests and government officials of various levels. There has been no end of talk of the "occult power of the Church" and of its "occult pressure"—direct and indirect—on the law courts, notably in connection with the singular fact that if, in the course of their interminable litigation, the Finaly family always won in the first instance, it always lost in the second instance. There is also the story of the Protestant judge at Bayonne who was unwilling to release the priests alleged to have been concerned in the smuggling of the children into Spain, but finally, under strong Government pressure, gave way. The Government had become apparently genuinely frightened of an emergence of some sort of "Basque nationalism" over the case.

And then there is, of course, the purely moral, religious and human side to the Finaly affair. Granted that Mlle Brun had saved the children, did she have a right to have them christened and turned into devout Catholics? Who was she to say, as she had been saying all along, that it was "good for them"? In the Church itself there

seems to be a very serious conflict over the principles of the case. The bishops and priests who encouraged Mlle Brun's actions, or, at any rate, condoned them, have come into conflict with many more "liberal" French churchmen. An interesting line in the matter was taken by M. Mauriac, probably the most influential Catholic writer in France. In reply to some highly abusive letters written him by outraged Jews, he suggested that the "little lambs" were quite old enough to decide for themselves to which fold they wished to belong. (He obviously had little doubt that they wanted to remain good Catholics and Frenchmen—with no desire at all to become citizens of a totally unfamiliar Israel.) In reply to a particularly angry Jewish letter in which the French priests were likened to the Nazis, Mauriac replied that the children, far from having been put in gas chambers, had been saved by the Church, and that the Church loved the Jews "unwisely but too well." . . . At times the discussion is almost on the "Lysenko" lines: what matters more, heredity or environment? The Catholic case is, of course, weakened by the fact that, in 1945, when the boys were only 3 and 4 years old, when the "conditioning" still did not matter, everything was done to prevent their being returned to their own people.

Finally, a peculiar situation has arisen which has prompted many people to ask the question: "Is the Church above the Law?" For, in a sense, the Church has taken the law into its own hands by *negotiating* with the Finaly family, thus, by implication, ignoring the ruling of the *Cour d' Appel* that they be handed over to their Jewish relatives. The Archbishop of Lyon and other churchmen have, indeed, made it known that they would not help unless the Finaly family accepted certain *conditions* first—that all complaints against the "kidnappers" be withdrawn; that the children remain in France until the *Cour de Cassation* has given its ruling; and that they be placed meantime in a "religiously neutral" atmosphere.

It seems that the Finaly family have accepted these (and possibly some other) conditions—"very foolishly" say those who stress the "occult powers" of the Church, and who believe that the *Cour de Cassation* will therefore *not* help the Finalys in the end. ALEXANDER WERTH

Marxism and Stalin

II. Nations in the Revolution

KARL MARX regarded nations and national conflicts as politically relevant aspects of social reality. He believed, however, that those conflicts would be solved as a by-product of the working-class struggle for freedom, which would eventually result in the establishment of a world-wide society, nation-less as well as classless. Some German Social-Democrats, such as Kautsky, carried indifference towards national struggles to the extreme of advocating the absorption of smaller by larger nationalities (especially their own); while most of the Austrian Social-Democrats, like the Jewish and Caucasian Social-Democrats in Russia, accepted nationality as having a cultural value of its own, albeit within a multi-national State.

In polemics against these trends, Stalin—with considerable support from Lenin's side—elaborated as early as 1913 the Bolshevik theory of nationality. The nation was analysed as a social phenomenon with a definite historico-economic background and well-definable characteristics; and Socialist policy in the national question meant supporting the struggle for freedom of units which had developed the essential characteristics of nationhood—as distinct from nations which existed only in tradition and romantic aspirations, such as the Jews. This struggle should be co-ordinated with that of the working-class. When administering the nationalities policies of Soviet Russia, and when finding in the revolt of the colonial peoples an ally against capitalist intervention against Soviet Russia, Stalin and Lenin developed the concept of the great alliance between the social and the national underdogs which would eventually defeat imperialism. "Ultimately," Lenin wrote on his death-bed, "victory is assured because Russians, Chinese and Indians together form the great majority of mankind."

These developments, important in contrast with the attitude of many Socialists, still concerned the political combinations by which the Communists could achieve and preserve power. In 1925, however, having elaborated his concept of Socialism in one (multi-national) country, Stalin came to the conclusion that the Socialist content of future civilisation would be poured into diverse national moulds: though some national cultures might disappear in the transition process, others would rise. Politically, this meant a continued rejection of "Russification," while waging a ruthless struggle against the anti-Socialist elements within every nationality in the Soviet Union. In the field of theory, the question arose: what was the substance of that permanent "mould" which, in the course of historical development, could be filled with different social contents?

Stalin did not answer this question until after World War II—a war which had been won by appealing especially to the Russians' national tradition. Moreover, victory left him a situation where he had to fight wishful thinking amongst his colleagues about an impending breakdown of the capitalist world. Arguing against those linguists who interpreted Marxism as a denial of the continuity of national civilisations, Stalin stated, in 1950, that some elements in national civilisation, such as language, were not class-bound in the sense that they served the preservation of a certain social structure, but were the product of a prolonged development of national societies. The class-struggle, in capitalist countries, proceeded within such societies as a struggle for their development and re-orientation; but national societies would not fall asunder.

In view of the threat of World War III, which the U.S.S.R., if it were forced upon it, would have to fight as the protagonist of a world-wide cause, Stalin could not go further in the way of recognising diversity in future civilisation. The lines, however, on which his mind might have worked if he could have presided over a decade or so of peaceful competition of the two systems are indicated by the fact that, in the Economics article of 1952, traditional emphasis on the anarchic character of capitalist society (with implied expectations of its impending breakdown in a new depression) is replaced by defining the difference of the two systems according to different answers to the question: "Who is planning for which purposes?" Eventually, this redefinition of the cleavage may allow for recognition of changes produced by social conflicts within the existing capitalist States—without a sharp "either-or."

Clearly, the present international antagonism is the main obstacle to the development of diversity within either camp: the crusading spirit has become a main weapon in the internal class-struggle. With some overstatements, which were probably intentional, Stalin, in his last article, drew attention to the tensions existing amongst the capitalist States. In thus suggesting that the world surrounding Russia was not necessarily *united* against her, he was presumably paving the way for manœuvring on the assumption that the Cold War might eventually cool down. Stalin, in his Economics article, said, in so many words, that a good Marxist should recognise not only the general tendencies making for international conflict on class-lines but also the counteracting tendencies which might prevent such a climax.

If the world is complex, revolutionary policies do not merely consist in fighting for the most advanced aims of those groups to whom the future belongs: politics is an art. In a draft written in 1921, Stalin attempted to systematise Lenin's policies under the heading of "strategy and tactics," a phrase which was familiar to him and his colleagues from their war experience. The planned pamphlet was not published; but, three years later, its basic idea underlay the *Foundations of Leninism*, written after Lenin's death to explain the new stage in the development of Marxism which he had inaugurated. Already, before he wrote his draft in 1921, Stalin argued against Trotsky's tendency to operate in political strategy upon well-defined bodies analogous to a well-disciplined army, instead of mobilising by careful manœuvres those latent reserves which would come forward on the basis of their own experience. An interpretation of politics as an art, however, may have "voluntarist" implications: these were not discouraged, to say the least, when Stalin, in the throes of the struggle for the Five Year Plan and for collectivisation, said that "there are no fortresses which Bolsheviks cannot storm."

The following twenty years brought the "second revolution," feverish preparation for war, war itself, and renewed reconstruction at a rate which depended less on the Soviet leaders estimate of what was desirable than on the competition with an antagonist who seemed to them to threaten all they stood for with destruction. At last, however, Soviet industry had become strong enough to face the worst; and again, as in 1924 and 1937, there were masses of new party members who needed systematic indoctrination. Perhaps also Stalin's doctors had told him that the XIXth Party Congress would be his last. So he explained, in his Economics article, the relationship between the will of an organised *élite* and the objective laws of the social environment which it has to shape. The statement was a return to the principles of orthodox Marxism, freed, however, from the delusion that, by assuming State power, the organised working-class had acquired the power to shape the world.

There were, Stalin said, objective laws of economics which could not be replaced by the laws of the State: the Socialist State could only make intelligent use of them in order gradually to bring new social structures into being. In this, the victorious working-class did not differ from the bourgeoisie at the time when the latter represented social progress and was fully interested in the development of all productive resources. Socialist planning was not by mere implication in accordance with social needs: whether it was, depended upon whether it was carried out with due regard for the objective laws governing the development of Soviet society. Relations in the sphere of production, as established in the U.S.S.R., and especially the *kolkhoz* compromise, did not of necessity correspond to the need for developing the productive resources: but if the necessary modifications were carried out by well-considered, gradual reforms, the unavoidable tensions between what was outliving itself and what was growing, could be prevented from developing into social conflicts. The law of value survived in the U.S.S.R. precisely because the economy was not yet fully dominated by Socialist planning, and because the *kolkhoz* compromise involved the existence of a market, of whose laws account had to be taken. But such difficulties

could be overcome if a chain of gradual reforms replaced *kolkhoz* dependence on the market by planned barter with State industry.

Stalin did not lose sight of the "ultimate aim." By indicating the conditions which had to be fulfilled before transition to Communism was possible, he saved the concept of full Communism from becoming identified with what conditions in the U.S.S.R. would be if they were slightly improved and attained the industrial level of the U.S.—a tendency which was evident in many Soviet publications. Presumably, he wished both to advise caution and to keep the party aware of the long road ahead before the need lapses for a special organised *avant-garde* of the Soviet peoples. He died, as he lived, as a good revolutionary; yet, in the history of mankind, he will be remembered also as a great conservative. The had helped to preserve the independence of his nation as one of the great formative forces in an age of transition; and he had saved his creed from becoming one of the many Utopias which are shelved because they cannot stand the transition from thought to reality.

RUDOLPH SCHLESINGER

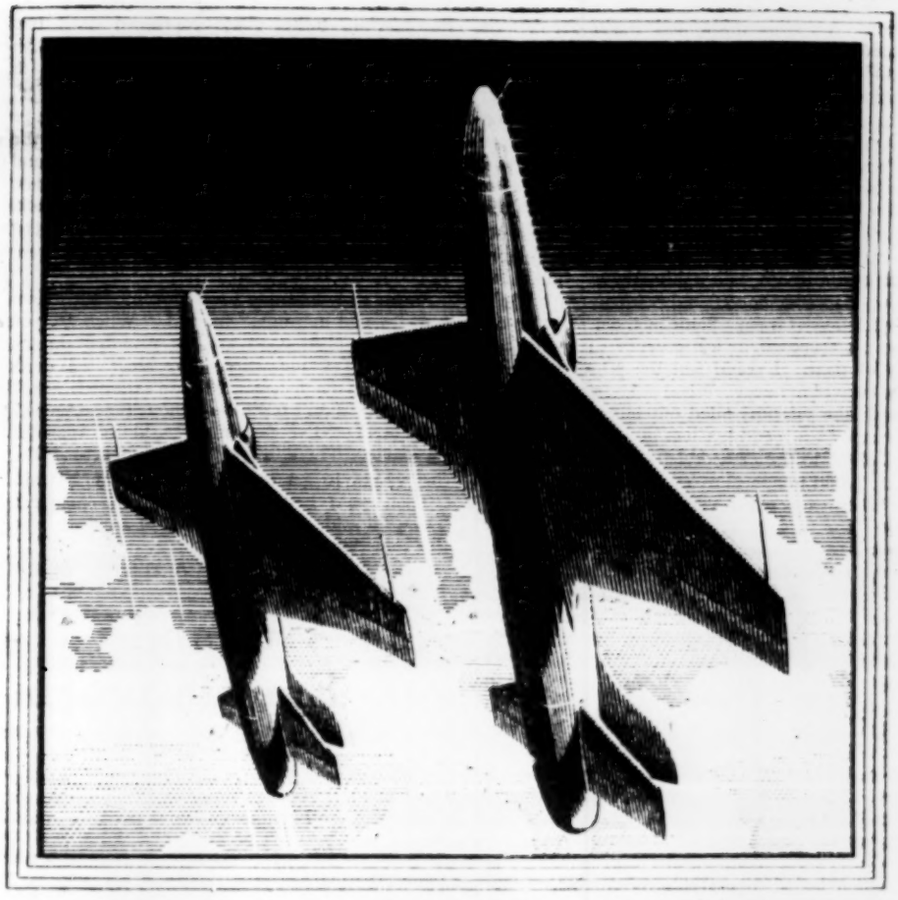
Escorted Party

I WANTED to travel, so I walked into a travel agency and said I could speak Spanish and French and would like to have something to write about and be paid while it happened. The agent looked at me and said: "Would you like to arrange hotels for seventy pilgrims?" "Yes," I said. So I received travellers' cheques and expenses and tickets and went to Spain.

But I didn't see Spain. Just railway stations and trains. There was a heatwave. I queued up for *gaseosas* and queued up to get rid of them. I was coal black. My suit was stained with oil. Smoke and dust everywhere, and I was tottering with sleep. Taxis to hotels, and taxis back to the stations. It was the same in France. When I came back, the agent asked me to escort the trip myself, now that I knew the ground. "When anything goes wrong, you remind them they're in Spain," he said, puffing at his cigar. I said I thought seventy was rather a lot. "You'll have a priest. It's a walk-over, a paid holiday." He asked me to take some wine-tasters over to Barcelona and then fly to Bilbao and pick the pilgrims up at Bayonne.

Bayonne was full of sun and swooping Atlantic air. I was happy; to-morrow I should be back in Spain and on the way to San Guadaloupe. No more trains this time: castles, *tortillas*, cracked bells on ivory hilltops, wine, the moon plotting in dark squares. I went to the station to meet my pilgrims. The train drew in and I saw a priest. I guessed it was the pilgrim priest and I called out his name. "Are the pilgrims here?" I asked. "Yes, they are here," he said, "by God." He looked pale. We led the pilgrims out to the coaches which were waiting in front of the station. As they poured out into the square, it seemed like tea-time at Charing Cross.

After lunch, the priest called me over and said he would bless the coaches, and then we could have a drink. Over wine he said: "They're not talking to each other. Or to me." "Why?" I asked. "Some of them had couchettes on the train and the others didn't. And they're cross because apparently you should be a Roman Catholic woman. It said so in the prospectus." He was a pleasant man; you could feel paper-knives and lamplight and choir practice before supper. He looked a bit swallowed up here. I think he wanted to tell me more about the pilgrims. Eventually we all set off after a fuss about not



There's a future in STEEL

THE JET AERO ENGINE, with which Britain leads the world in civil aviation, was made possible by the production of special steels capable of withstanding phenomenally high stresses and temperatures. The steel industry's continuous and effective research programme has thus helped to fulfil the requirements of Britain's aircraft industry which has already secured valuable dollar-earning contracts for the export of jet airliners.

Research work continues today both in the laboratories of firms in the British steel industry and in those of the industry's central research organisation, the British Iron and Steel Research Association.

The results are to be found embodied in the new plant and new techniques constantly being brought into operation by British steel-makers under the industry's post-war development plans.

'Speed me on my way!'

says

JACK SCRAP

Steel-users can help the steel-makers by speeding up returns of scrap. Your local scrap merchant will help with dismantling and collection.

● Issued by the BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

Steel House, Tothill Street, London, S.W.1

B.40

getting tea with milk, and made for Vitoria. There were two coaches. I was in one and the Father was in the other. From time to time we changed round for hymn singing and rosaries. Whenever I entered a coach, I was terribly conscious of not being a Roman Catholic woman.

When we arrived at Vitoria the town was in fiesta. The first time I had done the trip, I had come by rail and I didn't know the way by road to the two hotels, especially as the place was crammed with people. I had to keep jumping out of the coach to ask directions. Small boys jumped in and shouted and pointed, and the other boys followed them. Some of them had fireworks and let them off in the coaches. I couldn't get rid of them. I could feel the pilgrims' eyes on the back of my neck. When at last we reached the hotel, the pilgrims piled out murmuring, "Now for some tea," and got lost in a masked carnival. "I'm off to the cathedral," said the Father, and left. I had to appeal to a policeman.

When we reached Valladolid we all had dysentry. The luggage got irretrievably muddled and took hours to sort out. Before going to the cathedral the Father said: "They all think you've never been here before and are asking what you have done with the Catholic woman." I think he wanted to say more, but he didn't. I had a drink in the bar of one of our hotels. The barman spoke English. He had worked in the Cumberland and wanted to go back to London. I had another drink. It was whisky. A pilgrim came in, carrying a statue and asked for a cup of cocoa. "Cocoa," he kept saying in a precise voice, mouthing the word. Apparently cocoa was one of the few things the barman had never experienced in London. The pilgrim saw me and asked me to interpret "cocoa" for him. I spent a lot of time trying to do this. "Never mind," said the pilgrim. "I'll have tea," and he enunciated the word tea tremendously carefully. And got it.

At last we were over the mountain range on our way to a village called Alba. It was dark, and the Irish were singing. Out of the coach windows were stars and a land of temptation—fathoms of chance and endless games of secrets and leagues of risk. But here I was in a ventilated cage of valises and biscuits. You couldn't get through. Nothing happened. Nothing. When we stopped to change over for hymns, the Father said, "Nice night for a quiet walk," and seemed to want to say something else.

At last we came to the village. It was eleven o'clock. Again I had to ask the way, and the coach filled with boys, beggars, village idiots and a well-dressed man who kept repeating "O.K." When we actually pulled up at the hotel which I had arranged, I felt catastrophe in the pit of my stomach. I had remembered it as vast. It was minute. I could see the manager himself was frightened when he came face to face with seventy clients in angry hats. Greed had obviously made him agree to the impossible proposition. We completely choked the building. People were crying out for tea, W.C.s, somewhere to lie down, wash, eat, change, pray. Somehow the manager and I crammed them all into the dining room, where they were given dinner. Then he took me aside and, with a white face, told me he only had room for thirty-five pilgrims. Seven to a room. One in a bath. The rest would have to be boarded out in the village.

I stood in the centre of the dining-room and made a little speech about pilgrimages and adventures. I was quaking. Then I told them of the arrangements. There was silence. I asked the priest if he would help get the pilgrims together. "I have to arrange about the church," he said, disappearing into the primitive night. Bewildering, sullen chaos continued until two o'clock in the morning. I weaved about with permuting groups of old ladies from room to room. A few people were crying in the lounge. One or two, oddly enough, were laughing. Groups of solemn young Spaniards tried to flirt with the Irish girls. Taxis and vans, and even a horse and cart arrived. Men sat glowering at the carpet. One of them shouted at me, and I shouted back. That was in the prospectus. Eventually the last unhoused pilgrims were whisked away. I went to bed in the bath.

In the early morning I was woken by the manager. "Good morning," he said, "When are you leaving?" "As soon as I've rounded up the pilgrims. Tell me where they are." "I don't know," said the manager. "Didn't they tell you?" "No, they didn't tell me—I thought you knew," I shouted. "I've forgotten," said the manager miserably. There was a horrid silence. "But they've got to get to the shrine to-day," I said. "Then we'd better pray," said the manager. "Yes," I said. I couldn't think of anything else. But something had happened.

ANTHONY CARSON

The Arts and Entertainment

TRAGIC ART

IN his attack on the sculpture chosen to symbolise the Unknown Political Prisoner, Mr. John Berger is debating, and confusing, two if not three, quite distinct issues. There is first of all the issue between realism and abstraction in art which was being debated in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION before this particular exhibition offered Mr. Berger heaps of fuel to add to the flames. For the moment that is an irrelevant issue, for no one in his senses (the metaphor is very apt) doubts that there is good realistic art as well as good abstract art—as Mr. Eliot said long ago in connection with poetry, there is only good art and bad art. Mr. Berger is not satisfied with an art that is good; he would also have it "committed," committed to "local, urgently everyday issues." But there is the further implication that art can only be thus committed if it is Realistic. Realistic, in this context, has a special sense for Mr. Berger; there is nothing committed in the realism of Chardin or Cézanne; and I doubt if the "issues" presented by Watteau or Renoir could be described as local or urgent.

If we tear aside Mr. Berger's camouflage, we find him saying quite bluntly, like his colleagues in Russia, that art must be illustrative (because only illustrations appeal to the mass of the people), and that such art should illustrate the passions, the hatreds, the aspirations generated by the social struggle. Since the social struggle is for a better life, there is the further demand that art should be positive, affirmative, optimistic and heroic.

"All works of art," Mr. Berger asserts confidently, "are bound directly or indirectly to be weapons." But then comes a most damaging admission—"only after a considerable passage of time, when the context has changed, can they be viewed objectively as *objets d'art*." Why, at this point, does Mr. Berger slip into French? Because otherwise he would be making the too blatantly absurd statement that works of art only become works of art "after a considerable passage of time"—not a picture is sold till it is a hundred years old! Whether the work of art changes with the context, or the spectator, is not quite clear; we gatner that a work of art can only be viewed subjectively, an *objet d'art* objectively.

Mr. Berger reminds me of Professor Klotz. Long before the notion of socialist realism was invented—even before the French Revolution—this professor had criticised Lessing for asserting that the Ancients never represented Death by a skeleton; and a long debate ensued which goes over all the ground now trodden flat by Mr. Berger and his friends. I wish Mr. Berger would read Lessing's essay on *How the Ancients represented Death*. There he would find a demonstration, convincing in the terms of the art known to the critics of the eighteenth century, that art,

> especially in the personification of an abstract idea . . . can only express that which is general and essential to it. It must renounce all the accidents which would form exceptions to this universality, which stand in opposition to this essential quality.

If Mr. Berger has not the same respect for Lessing that I have, he might perhaps listen to a poet who was in a very real sense committed to the social conflicts of our own time—W. B. Yeats. In his Introduction to *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse*, published in 1936, Yeats reasserted the truth established by Lessing—that "passive suffering is not a theme for poetry." He pointed out that it was for this reason that Arnold had withdrawn his *Empedocles on Etna* from circulation; and he went on to say:

> In all the great tragedies, tragedy is a joy to the man who dies; in Greece the tragic chorus danced. When man has withdrawn into the quicksilver at the back of the mirror no great event becomes luminous in his mind; it is no longer possible to write *The Persians*, *Agincourt*, *Chevy Chase*: some blunderer has driven his car on to the wrong side of the road—that is all.

That is all—this is what Mr. Berger has done. When he writes against disinterestedness in art, against what he calls "generalisation," it is as if a blasphemy had been committed in the temple of art.

As a member of the International Jury which judged the entries for the Competition, it would not be proper for me to make any personal or partial statement about our deliberations. There were ten members of the jury, representing ten different nations. We invited Soviet Russia to participate, but our appeals met with no response. We had no ideological prejudices, no political commitments, nothing in common but a determination to use our intelligence and sensibility in the best interests of the art of sculpture. Why, then, did we arrive without much difficulty, and without any recrimination, at results which seem to Mr. Berger merely obtuse and arbitrary? I can only suppose that we were animated by criteria of judgment which are foreign to Mr. Berger. We were not looking for images of fear or cowardice, or even for images of suffering. We were looking for works of art which had beauty and dignity, and which were an affirmation of freedom as well as of imprisonment, of victory rather than of defeat. These criteria left us first with twelve, then with five, and finally with one maquette (maquettes must be imaginatively translated to monumental size in the act of judgment—too many people are judging these maquettes from smudges in the newspapers). Mr. Berger admits that Reg Butler's maquette is a "compelling emblem," but describes it as an emblem of Defeat. This was not the sculptor's intention—he has made a statement of his intention which makes it clear that it is an emblem of Victory. The jury accepted the maquette in this positive sense, and saw in it an emblem purged of pity and terror, a luminous and enduring act of meditation on the liberating significance of sacrifice. Perhaps one other consideration was also in our minds: the consideration that a monument of this nature should appeal to the renascent sensibility of the people of the future, and not seek an easy and immediate success by exploiting the outworn clichés of academic realism.

Mr. Berger and I seem to have very different views about the future of art. I am very content to await the judgment of the future, provided it is a future of freedom. Mr. Berger's threats are obscure, but I have no desire to see anyone "ruthlessly humiliated"; I know that the sculptors Mr. Berger despises are passionately sincere men, and I believe that in their images they express, however tentatively and modestly, the creative aspirations of the human will.

HERBERT READ

FROM BELMONT TO FORRES

THE new season which opened last week at Stratford promises to be very exciting. The company is headed by Miss Peggy Ashcroft and Mr. Michael Redgrave, and it has what should prove to be powerful stiffening in the supporting cast from Marius Goring, Harry Andrews, Yvonne Mitchell, Rachel Kempson and Donald Pleasance among others. The choice of plays is ambitious; it includes two of the big tragedies *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Lear*. These two will be produced respectively by Mr. Glen Byam Shaw and Mr. George Devine both of whom were associated with M. Michel St. Denis when he was in charge of the Old Vic.

Meanwhile the first production of the season is yet another *Merchant of Venice*, the third major production of this previously unpopular play within three months. Does the play, as a result, win a place once more in our affections? Well, at least we are encouraged to hope that one day we may see a perfect production, one that will resolve the various difficulties that the play presents. Mr. Denis Carey's production does not do that; it is a pleasant and charming fairy-tale production in the current idiom. It does not bring any fresh interpretation to bear on the play; it plays, agreeably enough, familiar variations in the contemporary style. We always hope for more than this, of course, and tend to forget that we are lucky to get as much. Twenty years ago a production like this would be exceptional; now it is the general rule.

From the Bristol Old Vic Mr. Denis Carey has brought his designer and his composer, and both show up well. Mr. Hutchinson Scott's set is a light and airy filigree construction suggesting, well, light and air—nothing very much more definite; but it is easy to manage, and leaves the detail as the Shakespearean purists believe correct for the imagination of the audience to fill in. The dresses are graceful and romantic: and the romantic is the note that is struck most clearly (the humour is rather feeble). Shylock's scenes apart, the best passage is that where Bassanio comes to Belmont to make his choice. A promising newcomer, Mr. Tony Britton, was the Bassanio. He has, in the bud, what Miss Peggy Ashcroft has in the full flower, namely quality, a power to distil and project a romantic flavour of personality that lifts the audience up above the everyday world. The two together—she quite still to one side, but in her very stillness suggesting an agitation of doubt and hope, he restlessly moving from casket to casket in an agony of doubt—raise this scene far above the common level. Miss Ashcroft is not otherwise, to my mind, an ideal Portia—she lacks any streak of hardness—but needless to say she makes something wholly individual and unique of the part.

Completely at odds with the contemporary taste of the rest of this production is Mr. Redgrave's broad violent Piranesi Jew. Nothing here of quiet English good taste: an almost old-fashioned actor-manager performance with all the stops out. One can imagine something like it having been given by a Beerbohm Tree. The difficulty of playing Shylock is today almost a sociological difficulty. Neither audience nor actor can separate their interpretations completely from the overtones rising from our age of persecution. If an actor could be found who could play Shylock in the way many think Shakespeare meant it to be played, as a figure of fun, even then no audience would be able to stand it. On the other hand ennobling Shylock—even so much for instance as Mr. Paul Roger's did at the Old Vic recently—throws out the play in another direction, for it throws into even higher relief the caddishness of the Christians. Mr. Redgrave's Jew is singularly uncompromising for these days. He is the other side of the Jewish problem as fanatically full of race hatred as his persecutors and the kind of Jew whose Jewishness invites persecution. And no nonsense about it. It is a blood-curdling performance.

Altogether, this is one of those productions which will, I should judge, be ten times better after five performances. On the first night no one had quite caught the pitch of the theatre and roughnesses in the lighting and elsewhere will smooth themselves out.

Another actor-manager's performance of a very different kind is Mr. Donald Wolfit's Macbeth in his season at the King's Theatre. All our other big actors have grown up to their responsibilities enough to submit themselves to the discipline of a complete all round production as Mr. Redgrave does at Stratford. Mr. Wolfit alone prefers the lonely isolation of a one-man band. It is not that his casts are universally bad (in the present *Macbeth* Mr. Michael Ingham gives as fine a performance as he can as Macduff) but that they are not allowed to be very good. Here indeed they would have to be geniuses of the first order to triumph over the dusty railway rugs and shapeless pyjama tops which someone has actually chosen for them to wear. But what is especially sad to an admirer of Mr. Wolfit's genius is to see how the conditions which he imposes on himself are ruining his art. Some of the last act of his present production holds traces of the old magnificence. But in the first half his performance is nothing but a parody. In an intimate revue those sudden bursts of falsetto, those hissed sibilants and vibrato consonants and slidings up and down the emotional scale irrespective of the sense would bring the house down.

T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

THE latest edition of *Frankly Speaking* ("a series of unscripted interviews with well-known people") seemed to me an unusually instructive broadcast, though not, as it happened, for the reason given by its target speaker, Sir Thomas Beecham: "It is a golden rule that you learn more from bad performers than you do from good ones. You learn what not to do." Here was a Home Service programme conceived in a Third Programme manner, its air suggesting both leisure and experiment. The discomforts of the ordinary unscripted interview (which has neither) we know too well—the clattering voices, truncated answers, common-places, boredom. Even the recent broadcast interview with Mr. Chaplin, who had so much of interest to say, suffered from tension, noise and interruption. But Sir Thomas, of course, did not only perform but conduct. This speaker, whom one would not accuse of arrogance without elegance, who can imbue the plainest statement (place of birth, profession of father) with a gnomic irony, was an admirable subject. He demonstrated that where the performer has the controlling quality, it does not matter how unobtrusive the questioners, nor how mild the questions. He also showed that what should result from the performance is a portrait—a self-portrait, in fact, and that is always of peculiar interest.

The Byron week, taken as a whole, seemed only to dip at its subject. It is true that Byron himself disappoints. We look in his poetry for what we miss in his life; then turn to his life for what we do not find in his poetry. Still, neither was more than obliquely presented. Kelty MacLeod's fine readings from Harriette Wilson's *Memoirs* gave us one Byron; *The Labyrinth*, a confusing and anguished play involving Caroline Lamb, Augusta and Annabella, another. One poem was given: *The Vision of Judgment*—good light Byron—but if it must be one, I believe that Canto Four of *Childe Harold* would take us further. The major contribution, which I have left to the end, Sir Herbert Read's brilliantly written *Byron at the Opera* (an Imaginary Conversation between the poet and Stendhal in Milan, 1816) did cover the most Byronic ground. Here was the poet talking, on love, and with wit, it is true:

Byron: If we must expose our passions in art, let it be with disdain . . . I have cultivated not passion, but indifference

Stendhal: Indifference, milord, is also a passion.

EALING STUDIOS have translated Nicholas Monsarrat's 'The Cruel Sea' into a fine film—thrilling and authentic as the book which has excited nearly 4,000,000 readers in 18 months. A Michael Balcon production and a faithful screenplay by Eric Ambler ensure a film which tells a most moving story without embellishment or blarney.

HERE IS A FILM WHICH THE FILM-FAN AND THE OCCASIONAL CINEMA-GOER WILL BOTH ENJOY

The Cruel Sea

U

starring JACK HAWKINS DONALD SINDEN DENHOLM ELLIOTT VIRGINIA McKENNA

DIRECTED BY CHARLES FREND PRODUCED BY LESLIE NORMAN

NOW AT THE **LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE**

But not only on such themes and in such a manner. The scene itself—the movement about the foyer, the distant music, the narrative interruptions gave the dramatic life which the Imaginary Conversation must have to be plausible. Robert Eddison was Byron; Jacqes Brunius, Stendhal; the producer was Rayner Heppenstall.

To explain the extraordinarily impressive quality of *Bartleby*, in Leslie Stokes's production, we need to go back to Melville's original story, from which it is taken almost without alteration. A prose tale read with dramatised dialogue—in outline it is no more than this; but the pattern can be an extremely successful one for radio. The people and setting of *Bartleby* might have been created by Dickens—dismal law office; elderly bachelor lawyer; seedy clerks—but where Dickens might over-play the comedy and grotesqueness of this strange story, Melville remains calm, lucid, pensive, melancholy and self-critical. His prose, admirable for reading aloud, reflects this mood; we meet the wraith-like scrivener "pallidly neat, pitiably respectable, incurably forlorn," looking through the viewless windows, replying "in a singularly mild, firm voice: '*I would prefer not to*'" to all requests and commands. The grub-man at the Tombs ("a broad, meat-like man") takes him to be a gentleman forger; "they are always pale and genteel-like, them forgers." The description of Wall Street on Sunday, deserted as Petra, where Bartleby made his home, and the final strange paragraph of the story, stay in the mind. Frank Pettingell who, as the lawyer, told the tale, and Preston Lockwood as Bartleby, spoke admirably, as did indeed the readers of the smaller parts.

It was not without a little uneasiness that I listened to *I Want to be in Publishing*, the latest in a series of features on Careers in Children's Hour. The fact that it was so capably written and produced (by Eileen Hots) and dealt with the subject so practically did not lessen this feeling. I wait now for what must surely be the sequel —*I want to be a Critic.*

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"The Medium," at the Academy

Here is an exciting film. A quite terrifying figure appears in the witch-like medium who at the top of a slum staircase screws money out of a few clients. There are a couple of them: they have come to hear the laughter of a dead child. A third, a not yet convinced stranger, is added. Madam Flora, adept in psychic experiences, heavily casts the spell; the hands—see their tremble beginning!—are spread on the little round table; curtains have been drawn, that this world's breezes may not tear the gossamer of the other; the lights go down, and Madam Flora goes off. Or seems to do so. For she's an agonist out of the ordinary, most satisfying, and up to all the tricks. Nobody is going to catch *her* napping. The dead duly appear and sing, in hovering sopranos. Madam Flora wakes and sings, formidably. They all sing. *The Medium* is the cinema's first opera.

I think we may call it that. It is a strange fact that, while screen recordings of the operas are by no means uncommon (*La Forza del Destino* is to be found now at the Berkeley), film opera as such hardly exists. The few half-attempts have been excessively wearisome; I am thinking of *Der Drei-Groschen Oper*, which makes leaden what should be Gay, and the blood-curdling *Tales of Hoffmann*. Is there perhaps something irredeemably stagey about opera, opera at any rate before Debussy and Berg, which the screen can only exaggerate? To take one point—a not unimportant one—the film's method of revelation is the close-up; and close-ups of singers don't as a rule, dramatically, pay. The last thing we want, during a performance of the Liebestod in *Tristan and Isolde*, is his view of her, and her's of him. A film would be almost bound to give us that. It can never sustain that illusion of the gods, so essential to Wagner and others.

Yet here is Mr. Gian-Carlo Menotti, walking into the cinema with one of his operas and making us, all eyes and ears, wonder why on earth nobody has managed the thing before. Of course, he has the instinct; his opera is of the kind, like a Cocteau play, that takes to celluloid as a duck to water. Character, situation, action in or with music: one doesn't think of the score of *The Medium* as a thing in itself, though the play would almost stand on its own legs. Menotti's method of composition is a sort of dramatic reinforcement, snatching its effect now from late Puccini, now from *Boris Godounov* (a trio on the slum stairs that might well come from there), sometimes merging into the background and sometimes reaching into coloratura, the whole scribbled together in a rapid modern idiom. Is it effective? On the screen, remarkably so. The balance of action and music, recitative and song, is just right for achieving a tension that the usual melodrama (*A Streetcar Named Desire*, for example), with orchestral weather in the background, cannot possibly attain. *The Medium* is true melodrama; Menotti shows something like a genius for it.

The big, blowsy medium has accomplices: a young daughter and a mute gipsy boy. The one, in muslin, provides the apparitions; the other tilts tables and rattles tambourines—and longs to have his fingers round the throat of his tormentor. At one seance she feels such fingers: do they—terrible thought!—come from the dead? Panic-stricken she breaks off the meetings, gives back money, questions and pries, and in a drunken rage, discovering the source of her disquiet in the boy's hatred, shoots him. It is a measure of Menotti's invention that the boy-and-girl idyll (they play like children in a fairy-tale when the witch is away) touches as genuinely as the spook-monger horrifies. Theirs are the haunting passages—as they chase about the alcoved rooms or get lost in a street fair—and inevitable, in music and plot, is the doom that will overtake them.

It only remains to be said that Menotti brings to the screen a fresh if at moments awkward recognition of image and sound, and that his cast, with Marie Powers as the medium, Anna Maria Alberghetti as the girl, and Leo Coleman as the dumb gipsy, faultlessly embody their roles. The pathos of the last is achieved by a miming so expressive that it almost outlives one's memory of the voices: and that again is Menotti's rare dramatic touch.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Apparitions" at Covent Garden

Margot Fonteyn's return to her place as prima ballerina of the State Ballet last week was greeted with an outburst of frantic enthusiasm and a row of bouquets stretching from one end of the enormous stage to the other. She certainly looked superb curtsying before the flowers with a grace that is unequalled. Her performance in *Apparitions* was enchanting, although her footwork has not yet regained its former sensitivity or precision; but her acting is still potent, filling the stage with visions of gaiety and wistfulness that blend in the imagination as a poetic dream of beauty. The all-important ballroom scene, which is one of Ashton's most perfect pieces of choreography, would have failed but for the saving grace of Miss Fonteyn's dancing; for the other performers seemed insensible to the emotional and musical delicacy of the atmosphere. Dream guests should not grin all over their faces like chorus girls, nor *bourrée* with the bounce of young goats on a spring morning. The intense and mysterious mood of Ashton's romantic tragedy cannot stand such behaviour. Michael Somes's lost poet is sincere, though he has neither the flowing neo-Gothic gesture nor the dramatic power to be convincing. Only Miss Fonteyn, with her jet-like brilliance, seems true to the spirit of the ballet. Two details in this handsome production are worrying: first, it is odd that the third of the poet's apparitions, who used to appear at the third window so obviously designed for him, has been relegated to being a book-case ghost; and secondly, the virulence of the purple light on the funereal procession is surely almost beyond bearing. It seems to me it would gain infinitely in artistic and sinister effect were it less obvious. A. F.

Brian Robb, at the Ashley Gallery, Ashley Place, S.W.1

Robb is a painter who feels his way—almost literally with his brush. Whether working from life or imagination, the process of his painting is one of constant correction and refinement (often of figures in movement). At the same time, if his vision fails to illuminate a particular image, he refuses to bluff. This means that as the spectator feels his way after him, he will occasionally come upon disturbingly ambiguous passages. But it also means that when Robb is fully mature (and already the difference in *certainty* between recent works and those done three years ago is very marked) he will be a rarely independent artist, relying only on what he has really absorbed, not just upon ready-made solutions. These ten paintings do not constitute the exhibition for which I have been waiting. They are limited to his religious subjects. Seven of them suffer from the ambiguity I have mentioned and from a lack of decision in colour which tends to make them over-elaborate—a mass of bunting. But three of them are alone worth going to Victoria to see. The second crucifixion is truly tragic painting. The white figure on the cross, the merciless blue bruises on the ash sky of the hills behind, the purple cinder ground and the scurrying bewailers, are contrasted against a carefree yellow wall in the foreground: a contrast that has the equivalent effect of an incident in which a child witnesses adults weeping. The head of Christ in the other crucifixion is under-established, but the head of the mourner held in clenched arms expresses the real, terrible self-containment of grief. J. B.

TAW & TORRIDGE FESTIVAL

NORTH DEVON'S FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS

July 11-19

BARNSTABLE—BIDEFORD—ILFRACOMBE

World Premiere of "Don Juan" by Ronald Duncan.
The English Opera Group in
"The Beggar's Opera" and "Let's Make an Opera!"
Concerts—Lectures—Exhibitions.

Information from The Festival Manager, Town Hall, Bideford (Bideford 480) and from Gardiner Travel Service, 189, Regent Street, London, W.1 (REGent 1416).

He needs YOUR help to help others

A Welsh Coxswain

The Lifeboat Service is supported entirely by voluntary subscriptions. Will you help in the constant battle against rising costs? Send your contribution, however small, to

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

42, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1

Treasurer: His Grace The Duke of Northumberland
Secretary: Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, M.C., T.D., M.A.

Correspondence

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL CAP

SIR,—" Very broadly," as you say, " Mr. Fienburgh suggests that we should reconstruct our schools on the American pattern." And you point out that this might endanger the quality of our education: we might have to abolish Manchester Grammar School as well as Eton.

The tradition and character of a school certainly help it to keep standards high. But when you are talking about the whole broad system of education, quality means, above all else, the kind of teacher you get and the numbers you get him in. Given well-qualified teachers in numbers enough to keep classes small, public education would be able, in your phrase, to " bear comparison with " the Public schools. Essentially, our educational problem is not reorganisation but staffing; and you are right in arguing that we should tackle this before we tackle reorganisation.

To meet the problem of staffing, however, it would seem that you rely on a primitive version of the law of supply and demand: simply put up salaries, and you'll get more and better teachers. The total number of people who could possibly qualify as teachers at our present standards is limited. A recent report (Cmd. 8721) to the Secretary of State for Scotland states that Scottish schools produce annually about 4,000 pupils reaching university or training college entrance standard. The number of recruits to the teaching profession needed annually in Scotland is 1,600. In face of a problem of this order, simply to suggest a rise in salaries is beside the point. Competing employers of educated manpower would bid against the schools, and their last state would be worse than their first.

Manning the schools is, in fact, essentially an investment problem. The economist knows how necessary, and how painful, it is to plough back enough savings to give us a high investment programme. It will be equally painful, and it is equally necessary, for the same economic reasons as well as wider reasons, to plough back enough talent and training into the schools to give us an educational system of a high standard.

A case in point. More scientists are a prime national necessity. To produce scientists, you need scientists, and good scientists, in the schools. What proportion of scientists, then, do you attract away, from what other work, to re-invest in the schools? Fail to solve this problem, and our achievement in science will gradually wither away. (Miss Horsbrugh, incidentally, as the residuary legatee of the slackening in industry, is finding the problem less intractable than it was when industry was working full out.)

The schools are primarily civilising units. But to-day they form also one of the key sectors of our economy, because manpower is one of our very few major economic assets.

A realistic manpower policy would shake the foundations of the Public schools. They produce few scientists: that itself, if it persists, is almost certain to mean that they will fall in public esteem during our generation. And on any rational plan of distribution, they could never make good their claim to the altogether excessive proportion of the nation's educated manpower they get away with to-day.

The American system, with its grossly low standard in the schools and its enormously expensive effort to pull itself up by its own bootstraps at College level, is only possible in a country where manpower can be quite happily squandered. And I hope Fienburgh will drop his idea of residential sixth forms—it is far too reminiscent of the American Junior College, without roots in the school and without the stimulus of a university environment.

MALCOLM MACPHERSON

House of Commons.

SIR,—Before we dispose of the Public schools we should ask whether our objection to their snobbery and privilege blinds us to important qualities. As one who was educated entirely at the expense of the London County Council in one of the most politically conscious boroughs, I grew up with a contempt for the Public schools, intensified by the fact that my grammar school was self-consciously aping them. But I have since had to face some awkward facts. Why have the Public schools, numerically such a small minority, produced such a large proportion of our living poets? This is not a trivial question, but an important and worrying one. We must not dispose of it slickly by calling them bourgeois poets; nor can we say that we can do without poets in the planned state. From the point of view of the future of society this concerns me much more than the question as to why Eton has provided so many politicians on both sides of the House. Further, why is it that so often when I meet in the educational world someone who knows what education is really about, in all its variety and wholeness, who has breadth of vision, I discover that he was educated in a Public school? The number of cases is too few for a generalisation, but is enough to justify the question.

Another point: is Mr. Fienburgh aware that there are many independent boarding schools that are not private (i.e., not profit-making) yet are not Public schools, confer no class-stamp on their pupils and give them no advantages save those that are inherent in the quality of the school; schools that willingly accept children from any level of society, often with the help of local authorities and not as guinea-pigs, and are using their independence only to study more closely the needs of children and society? My school is one of them; would Mr. Fienburgh wipe us out too? Such schools as these are concerned to produce young people with a sense of political and social reality, a sense of community and responsibility—an exceedingly important task in view of the encouragement to individualism, rootlessness and irresponsibility in our vast amorphous urban civilisation. They try to get beyond the limitations of the Public school, but it would be ungracious of them—and untrue—to disclaim what they owe to the boarding school tradition set by the Public schools.

With the creamers-off at one end and the political planners at the other one sometimes wonders whether education will survive. For heaven's sake let's leave our educational system a little loose, a little untidy, so that humanity, personality, and possibly even genius, may have a little room.

Wennington School, Wetherby. KENNETH C. BARNES

SIR,—May I raise the following points touching the views of your correspondents in last week's issue?

1. Any drastic reorganisation of secondary education, if it is to be successful, would need the acquiescence, not to speak of the goodwill, of the teaching profession. I see little sign of a demand for comprehensive schools among teachers in the provinces—I will not speak for London.

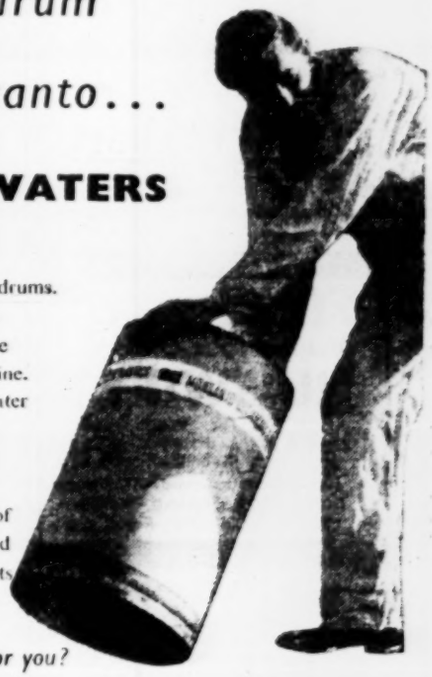
2. For a century the tradition has held in this country that drastic changes are heralded and sanctioned by Royal Commission. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the philosophy of education is a proper field of activity for the Minister. Would the next Socialist Minister be prepared or even strong enough to flout this tradition?

3. There is under the present system no selection for life at the age of eleven. The misplaced, borderline Secondary Modern pupil should be able to find his own level through the evening institute. When the County Colleges come into operation his burden will be correspondingly reduced. The provision of these Colleges should be a prime concern of the next Socialist Minister.

4. Education is like any other essential commodity, such as food or clothing. It is the duty of the State to ensure that everybody has a good minimum. People should be encouraged to buy or put themselves in the way of superior education as the occasion arises. I fail to see why a man, who wishes to spend £1,000 on his son's education instead of on a motor-car, should be prevented from doing so.

K. H. L. BURGIN

A drum for Monsanto... by **BOWATERS**



Certain Monsanto products are best packed in fibre drums. Bowaters are proud to declare that they are makers of fibre drums for these famous chemicals. A routine production job? It depends what you mean by routine. For these drums have to satisfy stringent tests for water resistance, compression, side wall and end strength, bursting strength . . . A competitive job? That's the point.

And the Bowater Packaging Service isn't just a roll of drums. Bowaters make Multiwall sacks for sugar and spice, bags for cereals and nylons, wrappers for biscuits and bread, corrugated cases for soap and sauce . . .

NOW—what can they do for you?

THE PACKAGING DIVISION OF THE BOWATER ORGANISATION

Bowaters Sales Company Limited, Bowater House, Stratton Street, London, W.1.

ARTISTS AND CRITICS

SIR,—To speak of a return to realism is a symptom of exhausted energies. And those who advocate it are either in a nostalgic frame of mind or are defeated by the enormity of the task to create afresh. Of these there are hordes. Young painters who have not yet been anywhere speak of a return. The true position with these minds is that faced with the dynamic creations of such masters as Picasso and Matisse they are forced back into shirking the responsibility of creating new forms and colour. In consequence, they deceive themselves into talking about the "real" as if it contained some secret which will suddenly yield itself up and save them the trouble of developing a vision. As regards the rather suave handling of such notions as objective, subjective, rational, etc.

I think that Socialist realities mean more to Mr. Berger than universal ones, and in this sense his concept of art is narrowed down to the point of being parochial: just as British Socialism itself has been and is still at times, parochial. In his heart of hearts he would like to utilize painting and put it on the side of prose, even if it be toned down by an attitude.

Lamentable results of an art based on a social morality can be seen in the modern section of the exhibition of Mexican art now at the Tate. Here are acres of pomposity and sentimentality (their gruesomeness is inverted sentimentality). Yet not far away in the same gallery is Picasso, a Communist, who can express more passion and awareness of the totality of living in a jug and two fruits than fifty square yards of sentimentalised peasantry.

S. HIJBEL

AN EASTER GIFT . . .

. . . to the Church Army will help to bring comfort to those whose lives are shadowed by want and distress.
For over 70 years the Church Army has ministered to the spiritual and social needs of all classes and all ages. Its work depends as much as ever upon your generosity and goodwill.

Please send your Easter Gift to the Rev. F. Wilson Carlile, Chief Secretary, The Church Army, 55, Bryanston St., London, W.1.

THE CHURCH ARMY
FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

FIRE! *QUICK!*
WHERE'S YOUR
NU-SWIFT?
The World's fastest and most reliable Fire Extinguishers
Pressure-operated by sealed CO_2 Charges
NU-SWIFT LTD · ELLAND · YORKS
In Every Ship of the Royal Navy

100 to 1 . . .
Cuticura Shaving Stick is used by that smart, well-groomed neighbour of yours. He knows from experience that the rich, penetrating oils of this superfatted, mildly medicated, Chlorophyll green Shaving Stick not only give a clean and rapid shave, but leave the most sensitive skin soothed and refreshed. For healthy, attractive skin Cuticura Shaving Stick is unbeatable. Try it tomorrow—we know you will like it!

SIR,—Mr. de Francia complains that Mr. Heron allows in his review of the Mexican Exhibition only a few lines to the present-day painters. Such a complaint hardly suggests an acceptance of the review on its own terms. Mr. Heron set himself the task of presenting an overall picture of the centuries of cultures to be seen at the exhibition. The contemporary school, however important to us now, is only one small aspect of these cultures.

The modern Mexican painters, though, are social or Socialist realists. *Nothing wrong with that*, but they happen to come within the orbit of the realist advocates, who seem to be more politically than aesthetically conscious.

Mr. de Francia and his realist friends complain only because an opportunity, they feel, has been lost to further their cause. Art criticism, it seems, and art history is to be distorted to conform to a preconceived art theory based on a political formula of art as propaganda.

Mr. Berger, in attempting to assess this or any other exhibition as critic and *guide*, must by his adherence to this type of art at least limit or distort the function of the critic. Each review of Mr. Berger's for months past has been just a restatement of his own theory, propaganda for his own cause.

Art can and should serve social purpose. It often does, even in this country. If Messrs. Berger and de Francia broadened their horizons a little they might become aware of this and realise that it is not always the realists who serve their purpose best.

Architects and conscientious industrial designers, as well as many artist craftsmen, improve social conditions, and give pleasure by their arts without *conforming*. Murals and sculptures are provided for various public bodies, education authorities, and trade unions, etc. I am aware that they are sometimes obscure and unsuitable. We are all aware of the difficulties, but surely the solution is not to force all artists into a mould.

BERNARD GAY
1a Montagu Mews South, W.1.

SIR,—When an influential art critic confuses the issues there is not much hope for the rest of us, but we can indicate his errors to him and ask him to start again. Here are some of the confusions for which Mr. Berger was responsible last week.

In the first place it is sufficiently obvious that the same people who are political prisoners in Siberia would in many cases be political prisoners in Spain. To talk about trade unionists in Spain and counter-revolutionaries in Siberia merely obfuscates this terrible fact about the modern world.

Secondly, it is misleading to bring in the siting of a cross as an analogy to the problem of siting a work of art. A cross is a symbol that carries with it extrinsic associations; the suggestiveness of a work of art is intrinsic. A Masaccio altar-piece does not lose its power by being transferred from an Italian church to the National Gallery.

But to say that valid art springs from fairly *simple* convictions about life seems to me dangerously untrue. What are the fairly simple convictions behind a Rembrandt portrait or a Shakespeare tragedy? And what is their alignment? Surely, behind any valid work of art is no simplicity but a complexity It is the tragedy and dignity of human beings that they are infinitely complex, and art not only reminds them of the fact, but makes it bearable Again and again groups and individuals, with an interest in belying this complexity, try to compel men to believe they are simple. When such a group achieves political power, its simplification becomes a prison "transcending the corporeal substance of man." This I took to be the conception behind Mr. Butler's winning exhibit.

It is senseless to talk of art being humbled or humiliated; art is capable of no such experiences. Art is surely just a collection of more or less cognate activities that can be discouraged, inhibited, suppressed, or the reverse. Mr. Berger thinks that modern art is in a parlous condition; he may well be right, but the causes lie deep in the history of our whole civilisation and in its present tendencies. It cannot be art itself which is to blame, because art as such is beyond the reach of blame. I implore Mr. Berger not to misconceive his responsibilities.

59 Highworth Avenue, CHRISTOPHER GILLIE
Cambridge.

SIR,—Mr. Berger's bland distinction between "a trade unionist imprisoned in Spain and a counter-revolutionary in Siberia," vividly recalls to me an awkward moment when I myself was a Communist. It was at the time of the Radek trial in 1937, and on one memorably distressing afternoon it was reported in an evening paper that Radek had declared: "My inquisitors have been torturing me for ten months." It turned out that this report had been due to a confusion of Russian tenses: on the next day the outburst was corrected to: "I have been torturing my inquisitors for ten months." But during six hours or so we were hard put to it, and it was then that I overheard an over-enthusiastic party-member explaining to a caustic Social-Democrat: "There are two different kinds of torture, comrade. There's bourgeois torture and there's proletarian torture."

Does Mr. Berger really believe that all the victims of Soviet inhumanity have been counter-revolutionaries—that none of them has been, for example a trade unionist? And why does he use the word "imprisoned" for the victim of Franco, yet leave, for the victim of Beria, an impression of mere geographical fortuity? Alas, these questions are rhetorical. This is the embryo Newspeak with which we have been so long familiar.

Lindsey, Nr. Hadleigh, PHILIP TOYNBEE
Suffolk.

SIR,—It is apparent from Mr. Heron's review of the Mexican Art Exhibition that he failed to grasp the point which makes the exhibition relatively easy to understand; that is, that almost all the art of the pre-Columbian period was functional; in short, that it was part of the civic and religious life of the different peoples of Mexico—Olmec, Zapotec, Teotihuacán, Maya, Toltec, Mixteca and Aztec. The only pre-Columbian Mexican art which was developed as a more personal expression (in the sense that European art has become personal since the Renaissance) is that of the Olmecs and the peoples of Western Mexico.

The religious life of the Aztecs, and therefore their art, was concentrated upon death rites to a greater degree than that of other Mexicans. But if objective appraisal is made, it is doubtful if the Aztecs (1324-1521) were much more preoccupied with the subject of death than the Gothic carvers and the Christian painters of the 13th, 14th and 15th centuries, who were profoundly absorbed with such themes as the Last Judgment and the martyrdom of the saints. The frescoes around the dome of the Duomo of Florence present an excellent parallel in horrific subject matter. Here, enormous devils pitchfork people into the bottomless pit of Hell; in date they are contemporary with the Aztec goddesses of death—Coatlicue.

Mr. Heron finds contemporary Mexican art horrific. He discusses it as if the artists concentrated upon "executions, dismemberings, torture

Subscription Rates

Yearly, £2 5s. 0d.; Six months, £1 2s. 6d.; Three months, 11s. 6d. to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

To any country in Europe, £3 8s. 0d. yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £3 13s. 0d.).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main airport.
Africa: South £4. East £4 5s. West £3 15s.
India, Pakistan, £4 5s. Singapore, Malaya, £4 10s.
Australia, £6. New Zealand, £6 10s.
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1
Holborn 8471

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to: BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc. 30, East 60th Street, N.Y. 22, N.Y.
Surface, $7.50 yearly. Air Express $17 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE *on this issue: Inland* 1½*d.; Foreign* 1½*d.; Canada* 1*d.*

and anguish" because they took a sadistic enjoyment in these themes. He has missed the point of their particular expression in art. The contemporary artists were stirred to indignation by the events in their country—the conditions which led to Revolution in 1910, and the Revolution itself. They commenced to revive a functional and civic art, the purpose of which was to record what happened around them, so that the Mexican people might regain a national consciousness after four centuries of domination by Spain.

Mr. Heron makes a most unfortunate error. He says: "Tamayo alone is still a good painter. And *his* formal gravity and control come from Paris direct." This estimate does not coincide with the authoritative view of Senor Fernando Gamboa, who has assembled the exhibition at the Tate. Gamboa specifically states in his introduction to the catalogue that Tamayo's "painting goes back to our ancestral art." Tamayo's human figures and his animals are undoubtedly inspired by those to be found at the Tate in the Olmec and Mixteca groups—and not by Paris styles.

On the other hand, the artists—Rivera, Orozco and Siqueris—whom Mr. Heron selects as representative of the "morbid savageness of ancient Mexico" are precisely those who not only studied European painting but adapted Europe's tradition of frescoe painting to Mexican subject matter.

Orozco, whom Mr. Heron singles out for hacking up bodies and destroying picture-surfaces, told me in 1940 that his later style was in response to the events shaking the world (Dunkirk, the Nazi march on Paris and the dawn putsch into Norway). In the face of these events in Europe, Orozco felt that Mexico could not remain isolated. Thus it was not the death rites of the Aztecs which led Orozco to "morbid savageness" but the horrific events in Europe which stirred a man who felt himself part of a tortured world.

In viewing pre-Columbian Mexican art, it must be remembered that at least among the Mayas and early Aztecs it was a great honour to serve life by being sacrificed to the gods. The Mayas chose a virgin for sacrifice, spotless as the Greek Iphigeneia who was offered as a sacrifice to Artemis; the Aztecs chose men of moral and physical perfection. Not until the time of these people's decline and oncoming despair did they resort to excesses in human sacrifice in a desperate effort to enlist the aid of their gods in saving them from being overwhelmed by the Spanish conquistadores.

MARIE SETON

BANNED BODIES

SIR,—Mr. S. W. Green's letter about the Britain-China Friendship Association is most disingenuous. It should not go unanswered. After all, few of your readers could be expected to know that the Association's President, described by Mr. Green as "a member of the Labour Party" is Dr. Joseph Needham, who, in the opinion of very many people, did not contribute substantially to good Anglo-Chinese relations by his recent support of the germ warfare propaganda. Then your correspondent triumphantly produces "four Labour M.P.s among its Vice-Presidents." He is careful not to mention that the Vice-Presidents include also Messrs. Lester Hutchinson, Platts-Mills and Leslie Solly, in addition to an effective number of others whose general viewpoint seems indistinguishable from that of the Communist Party member.

It is reported that the Labour Party is about to inaugurate its own League for Friendship with Asia. And there is already in existence the Peace with China Council. Surely in either of those unmistakably non-Communist bodies there is ample scope to accommodate the many people of Labour and progressive views who desire to work for friendship with China. Will Mr. Green please explain why he ignores these two bodies and instead advises members of the Labour Party to remain in an organisation which, from the moment since Mr. Platts-Mills proposed its formation at a meeting addressed by Mr. Palme Dutt, has constantly reproduced nothing but Cominform propaganda?

National Peace Council, LESLIE G. D. SMITH
London, W.C.1. *Director*

SIR,—I should like to comment on certain statements made by your correspondent, Mr. R. L. Leonard.

He acknowledged the Stalinist line of the I.U.S.; in the words of numerous N.U.S. statements, the organisation is the "Student Section of the Cominform." It is misleading to describe it as "the only international body representing student organisations throughout the world" for this ignores the partisan character of most I.U.S. member organisations.

Whether proscription by the Labour Party will lead British students to boycott the I.U.S. is a matter for Labour Party members to determine. It is not true, however, that a "boycott" would cause British students to sever all connections with students in other countries. Today the majority of National Unions of Students are outside the I.U.S. and N.U.S. has close and friendly relations with them, as happened for example at the recent International Student Conference in Copenhagen.

The N.U.S. long ago dissociated itself from the political activities of the I.U.S. and last November declared that it had ceased to be a member organisation. We have, however, sought (with but little success) to promote such practical activities as travel and exchange with its members. We are now negotiating for Associate Membership status to achieve this limited relationship.

The National Union of Students. F. F. JARVIS *President*

TIME TO KILL

SIR,—Mr. W. R. Rodgers' reflections were as feathery as the food with which they began, and it is perhaps ungracious to be critical; but if he takes the trouble to discover the symbolism of Dante's reed should he not take equal care with the highly allusive symbolism of the Book of Revelation? (Incidentally the writer does not say, "There shall be no more sea"; he says that there *was* no more sea—in his vision, the extremely allegorical nature of which is obvious from the next verse.)

As for the sticky fixity of Eternity, is it possible that Mr. Rodgers is confusing the Gospels with *Hymns Ancient and Modern*? Our Lord spoke of God as being ceaselessly active (Jno. 5.17), and of his kingdom as a place of many caravanserais (ibid 14.2). Rest (*anapausis*) means not idleness but inner harmony, the opposite of neurosis.

The Athenæum. J. B. STEVENSON

UNSHOWN TURNERS

SIR,—I should be obliged if you would allow me, in response to Mr. Richard Henderson's inquiry in your issue of March 7, to give particulars of the three unexhibited figure paintings by Turner at the Tate. These are:

Christ Driving the Traders from the Temple (5474);
Three Women and a Child (5497);
and *Death Before Dishonour* (5500).

All three are unfinished. The first is in a bad state of repair; the second and third are scarcely more than lay-ins.

For a variety of reasons it is not intended to exhibit these pictures in the near future, but anyone interested is welcome to see them at 48 hours' notice.

JOHN ROTHENSTEIN
The Tate Gallery. *Director and Keeper*

X-RAY QUEUE

SIR,—My wife recently consulted her N.H.S. doctor. After examining her, he advised an X-Ray. He went on to say that if she wanted the X-Ray under the Health Service she would have to wait at least a month, but if she cared to pay for it, this could be done the next day. "Where?" asked my wife. "The same place, the Infirmary," he replied. "I can get it done through Dr. X."

My wife agreed. Some days later she received two bills, one from the Infirmary in respect of the X-Ray examination, the other one from Dr. X. "For professional services—Three guineas." She does not know Dr. X, and has never consulted him. To the layman this seems to have happened:—

(a) My wife wishes to "jump" the Infirmary queue. (b) This is "arranged" by a "contact" man. (c) My wife accordingly pays the X-Ray fee, plus a "cut" to the "contact."

Is this a standard practice? "LAYMAN"

COOKS HOLIDAY BARGAINS

FROM 13 GUINEAS!
(Ostend, 8 days holiday)

The new £40 travel allowance means more to spend on longer holidays abroad.

Here are a few 15 day holidays

MONTREUX - - - - £29.3.0
MENTON - - - - - £34.0.0
BELLAGIO (Lake Como) - - £37.8.6

A series of 11 tours is available by Luxury Motor Coach at fully inclusive prices and Escorted throughout, ranging from 25 Gns. for a 7 days' holiday.

Send now for "Holiday-making," a free colour magazine. It's packed with bright holiday ideas.

F·R E E
COLOUR MAGAZINE

POST THIS COUPON NOW

To Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., Dept. F.2/FZ, Berkeley St., London, W.1 or branches (or offices of Dean & Dawson Ltd.)

Please send me a copy of "Holidaymaking"

M.....

Address.....

.....

Send in unsealed envelope, 1½d. stamp.

Books in General

Don Quixote has been called the novel that killed a country by knocking the heart out of it and extinguishing its belief in itself for ever. The argument might really be the other way on. *Don Quixote* was written by the poor soldier and broken tax-collector with the hand maimed in his country's battles because the Spanish dream of Christian chivalry and total power had passed the crisis of success. The price of an illusion was already being paid and Cervantes marked it down. When Don Quixote recovered his sanity, his soul lost its forces, and he died. What must strike the foreign reader is the difference between the book as it appears to Spaniards and as it appears to the world outside of Spain. The difference is that in Spain *Don Quixote* had a basis in contemporary fact; outside of Spain it is morality, metaphysics, fable. The romances of chivalry were read during the Counter-Reformation and specifically moved two of the Spanish saints to action—Santa Teresa and St. Ignatius de Loyola. Longing for the freedom of a man as her brothers went off to the New World, Santa Teresa read these books with excitement, and Loyola's famous vigil at Manresa was made consciously in imitation of Amadis, and might be a chapter of *Don Quixote*.

Outside of Spain, the novel began a life in countries where the idea of chivalry had no tradition of national awakening and power, where the tragic core was missing. To the English and French translators who got to work a few years after the book was published, *Don Quixote* was simply the greatest of the picaresque novels, indeed the only great one in a genre which elsewhere kept strictly to exaggeration, meaninglessness and popular anarchy. The book became farce—though the contemporary Shelton sins far less than Motteux who translated the book at the beginning of the 18th century—a string of adventures and scenes of horseplay tied up with ironical conversations about the noble disadvantages of idealism and its conflict with proverbial self-interest. If we turn to the English novelists who, in the early 18th century, were deeply influenced by the tale, we can see how they altered the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho to suit the new middle-class morality. Don Quixote, especially, the violent and subtle madman with his visions of the lost Golden Age, becomes in England a mere eccentric, an unaccountable squire, an hilarious Scot in Smollett, an unworldly but rough-and-tumble clergyman in Fielding. Figures like Parson Adams are misfits, cranks, clowns, often enlightened but always simple and without authority; whereas Don Quixote's mind is darkened and dignified by the counsels of his madness. He has the endless resource of the neurotic; he has pride and the habits of pride and command. In England, the ingenious gentleman is opposed by the worthy forces of self interest, so much admired in Cheapside. The question is practical: idealism or realism? The answer always sentimental; failure is lovable and what is lovable is commercial. These imitators in the sensible 18th century delight in freaks because they love individuality; but they do not enter, as Cervantes in his great mercy did, into that universal region of the human spirit where the imagination reigns like an ungovernable and fretful exile in a court of shadows.

There is now a new translation of *Don Quixote* and of three of the *Exemplary Novels* by the late Samual Putnam.* These are handsome volumes printed on a fine large page—a great advantage—and contain a critical account of many earlier translations and a very large collection of valuable notes; altogether a scholarly piece of work by an American amateur. He had translated a good deal of Brazilian literature. Mr. Putnam believed *Don Quixote* to be one of the dying classics and thought an accurate and contemporary translation might revive it. Compared with Shelton, the abominated Motteux—the one guessed and the other added colour—with Ormsby, Jervas and even the Penguin done efficaciously (especially in the dialogue) by J. M. Cohen, Putnam's translation is toned down. This means that the fine shading of the irony of Cervantes becomes clear and Mr. Putnam has taken great trouble with the difficult proverbs. A few contemporary colloquialisms, mainly American, surprise but do not seem out of place; there is often a mildness in Mr. Putnam which leads him to choose a weak word or phrase where the Castilian is strong, terse and concrete; and in straining after accuracy he has missed sometimes the note of repartee or satirical echo in the conversations of Don Quixote and Sancho. In the scene at the inn with Maritornes and the muleteer, and in the chapter following, Motteux, Jervas and Cohen—to take only three—are superior in vigour to Mr. Putnam whose colloquial phrases have a cityfied smoothness from easy over-use. To give an example: Don Quixote is about to reveal that the daughter of the supposed Castilian had come to him in the night, but stops to make Sancho swear that he will tell no one about this until after the Knight is dead for he will not allow anyone's honour to be damaged. Sancho replies, without tact, that he swears, but hopes that he will be free to reveal the secret tomorrow, on the grounds that: "It's just that I am opposed to keeping things too long—I don't like them to spoil on my hands."

Both Motteux and Cohen stick closer to the more vigorous original image. The Spanish word is "go mouldy" or even "rot," and not "spoil." Literally "go mouldy on me." In the earlier chapter one can catch Motteux adding direct, 18th-century animal coarseness where Cervantes is not coarse at all; in fact, *Don Quixote* is unique in picaresque literature in its virtual freedom from obscenity, except in some of the oaths. When Maritornes rushes to Sancho's bed to hide there from her angry master, Motteux writes:

> The wench . . . fled for shelter to Sancho's sty, where he lay snoring to some tune; there she pigged in and lay snug as an egg.

This is picturesque, but it has arisen from the mistranslation of two words in the text. Possibly it is an improvement on Cervantes who wrote merely that "she went to Sancho's bed and curled up in a ball." Mr. Putnam's pedantry spoils his accuracy here for, instead of "ball," he writes "ball of yarn." The objection to Motteux is that in making Cervantes picturesque and giving him Saxon robustness, he endangers the elegance and the finely drawn out subtleties of the original. Motteux was half-way to Smollett, which is a long way from Cervantes. The picturesque and pungent in Cervantes lie wholly in Sancho's proverbs where Mr. Putnam excels. When Doña Rodriguez says that she can see "the advantage which a maiden duenna has over a widow, but he who clipped us kept the scissors," Sancho comes out strong and to the life:

> "For all of that," Sancho said, "when it comes to duennas there's so much to be clipped, according to what my barber tells me, that it would be better not to stir the rice even though it sticks."

Don Quixote begins as the description of a shy, timid, simple, eccentric provinicial gentleman who, after the first clash with reality, develops an always growing complexity of mind that is the satisfying and diverting substance of the book. For as he goes deeper into delusion, so he is dogged by a dreadful doubt and self-knowledge. At the end, when Sancho returns home leading his master, with their roles reversed—for it is he, the realist, who has triumphed, having governed an island and having even rescued maidens in distress—Don Quixote is said to have failed in all but to have known glory and to have won the supreme victory: victory over himself. The novel is a powerful example of the process of the growth of a work of art in a writer's mind, and of the luck of writing. For at the end of the first part which Cervantes at one time regarded as the end of the book, one can see the idea in crisis and at the point of breaking down. Some critics have thought that the irrelevant stories stuffed into the end of the First Part show a fear that the reader will be bored by the colloquies of two characters only: and that he also wished to show that he was not a mere popular writer, but could write a polished, psychological short story in the best manner of the time. (He, indeed, succeeded in the story of Don Fernando and Dorothea and, in the latter, drew a delightful analytical portrait of cleverness in women.) But in the long interval between the two parts, the idea matured and became richer in fantasy, invention and intellectual body; the range of character became wider and success—so bitterly delayed in Cervantes's life—released confident powers that delight us because they delight in themselves. Not only does Don Quixote's own case branch into its full intricacy; not only are we now taken into all the casuistries of the imaginative life; by a master stroke, Sancho is infected. The peasant gets his dream of material power, like some homely Trade Unionist, to put against the gentleman's dream of glory. Realism turns out to be as contagious to fantasy as idealism is. *Don Quixote* begins as a province, turns into Spain and ends as a universe, and far from becoming vaguer as it becomes more suggestive, it becomes earthier, more concrete, more certain in real speech and physical action. *Don Quixote* does not collapse, as the Second Part of Gogol's *Dead Souls* does, because Cervantes is not mad. He remains prag-

* *Don Quixote*. Translated by SAMUEL PUTNAM. *Cassell. 2 Vols.* 63s.
Three Exemplary Novels.—Translated by SAMUEL PUTNAM. *Cassell.* 30s.

matic, sceptical and merciful; whereas Gogol got the Russian Messianic bit between his teeth and went off his head. Spanish fantasy goes step by step with Spanish sanity. Nor, if we read *Don Quixote* truly, can it be described as a work of disillusion, if we mean by that the spiritual exhaustion which follows a great expense of spirit. The Spanish crack-up had begun, but it had only just begun. The force of that national passion was still felt. Though Cervantes was the broken soldier, though he was imprisoned, hauled before the Inquisition, and knew all the misery and confusion that the Spanish expansion abroad had left behind at home, he was not the enemy of the Spanish idea. He valued arms more than literature, as he explicitly said—incidentally in the character of Cardenio he drew an excellent portrait of a coward. What *Don Quixote* does is to enact the tragedy of experience as something still passionate though commingled with reflection; experience now more deeply felt. The comic spirit of the book is not satirical or tired, but is vital, fully engaged and positive The wisdom runs with the events, not after them. It is stoical, not epicurean; sunlit, not eupeptic; civilised, not merely robust. *Don Quixote* bridges the gulf between two cultures, not by an inhuman cult of the people, but by excellence of intellect, by the passion a writer has for his means, by irony and love.

V. S. PRITCHETT

PROLOGUE TO A POEM

(for Peter Duval Smith)

Jokers abounding
  who jouk the wuddy
and fly for refuge
  to the horned mystery,
I'll acclaim the accomplished
who wield two-edged history.

In council or ambush
  adroit and graceful
or for twenty years
  their barred sky scanning,
the apollyon abysses
with their bodies spanning,

they learn in due time
  to take the measure
of bumpkin death
  and his uncouth dalliance.
Ay, brought to the ring
they'll dance a galliard.

To jouk in the lee-side
  of ragged Jesus—
or walk alert
  without guide or ally
through glowering ravine
and too-silent valley:

Peter, facing that journey
  my wish is yours
to emerge with luck
  from history's ambuscades,
and surely to encompass
the crossed sword-blades.

HAMISH HENDERSON

NOTES

jouk the wuddy—"dodge the gallows"—like Flattery in the *Thrie Estaitis*, by sacrificing his comrades. I was also thinking of a sentence in the *Letters of Samuel Rutherford*: "I thought it manhood to play the coward, and jouk in the lee-side of Christ."

brought to the ring—Wallace's words to the Scottish army before the Battle of Stirling Bridge: "I have brought you to the ring, now you must dance."

IN PICTURES

Picture. By LILLIAN ROSS. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*
From Under My Hat. By HEDDA HOPPER. *Muller.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Authors write their books, and they are good or bad, read or not read, and that's all. The publisher doesn't as a rule dictate a subject, and the writer won't half kill himself to turn up the manuscript a week ahead of time; each chapter won't, as it's written, be the object of scrutiny by publisher's readers, book-club scouts, bookstall travellers, accountants, and evening-paper critics; the writer's secretary would no more dream of transposing chapters or deleting characters than of muddling apostrophes and commas (I have known only one exception to this: Mr. Ralph Bates, who left it to the lady who had typed his *Lean Men* to reduce it by a third; but then original, budding Bates never fruited); finally, after galleys cut by the printer, the page proofs aren't then submitted to the denizens of a public library, requested to fill in a card classing the book from "wonderful" to "fair" (and so, of course, inviting "it stinks"), their voting being accepted by the assembled publishers, accountants, compositors, etc., as a final verdict upon which the book will be published or by them rewritten.

But that is how, with transpositions, a film is made. Are you shocked? Not more than I, who have seen ten thousand films. The two or three hundred good ones have not only pleased me but amazed. How on earth, one wonders about Vigo or Clair or Buster Keaton, did they manage? A superlative film—and there are such—seems a contradiction in terms.

So to slash into film funniness is a prerogative of the intellectual. Miss Lillian Ross, a *New Yorker* journalist, picked her director, John Huston, and the film to be made, *The Red Badge of Courage*, and followed it up from the start—almost before the start. Her choice didn't let her down. Huston had a theme that engaged him as Mexico did Eisenstein; he dreamed, he scripted, he shot, he lived, he moved on; and M.G.M., the reluctant but cash-conditioned bosses, twisted this and excised that, added a commentary, and came out with a "classic" before which, it was hoped, every decent-minded American would bow. (Here, I seem to remember, there was some hesitation about showing the film at all.) All this, of course, exactly suited Miss Ross's book. If the film had been made, and approved, and left, and shown as made, then where would have been her sensational story? She had to have that, and she got it. M.G.M. acted brilliantly, unbelievably up to form. The lion brayed. It did all the things one might have predicted of it; and Miss Ross has great fun relaying conferences, attending parties, and catching (what isn't difficult) big men in a talking mood. Yes, *Picture* is the most alert and, by implication, the most ironic of all investigations undertaken in Hollywood. But didn't it set out to be? Did Miss Ross ever see or piece together *The Red Badge of Courage* as Huston meant it, before flaying the skins of those who prepared it for market? And if she didn't, where is the force of her laconic criticism? Possibly she took a good deal for granted: that because Huston had talent, therefore he had been insulted and a masterpiece tattered. Mr. Graham Greene, whose recommendation adorns the cover, certainly fell into this trap. "A terrifying picture of how a great film, directed by one of the best living directors, based on an American classic, can be slashed into incoherence through the timidities and the illiteracy of studio heads." Just what one might say, if one hadn't seen the film either as released or as shot! In fact, as shown at the Empire in London, *The Red Badge of Courage* was a remarkable film, not quite a masterpiece because there was about it something fragmentary, something unexpressed. My impression after reading *Picture* is that, before the wicked executive laid hands on the original, these defects were even more obvious. That, needless to say, is quite the opposite of Miss Ross's, if she may be said to have a point of view 'which only scorns others'.

But let me insist that, though she evades enormously the main point, hers is the most searching, funny, persistent, and revealing record of Hollywood I have come across. It is nice to find set down here the sort of party talk one had always imagined; the boredoms and frenzies of shooting a war; the wonderful self-explanations of such caliphs as Mr. L. B. Mayer; the idiocies, lip-service, wisecracks, and extravagant make-believe of picture-making.

> An elderly man with a full, grey beard, who was working as an extra, mattered that Wilson (stunt man) ought to watch himself. "I fought in every war there was in history since the Philistines," he said. "And I'm telling you this one looks the most dangerous. I was a weary foot soldier in the American Revolution. I fought the Philistines in *Samson and Delilah*. I was in the First World War in *Sergeant York*. I was with Errol Flynn in the suppression of the Irish Rebellion in *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex*. I was in all the Napoleonic Wars and the Spanish-American War and the Second World War. I even fought the Civil War once before, in *Gone With the Wind*. I've been in all the wars, and I speak from experience—this is going to be the roughest."

And before the box-office (as represented by a series of moronic pre-views) they all, including Huston himself, bow low. When the fatheads walk out from the film they are taken notice of: this is serious criticism. They are pondered for days. They are acted upon. Has it ever occurred to anyone that these Hollywood pre-viewers are no more reliable as a body of opinion than the persons who write letters to newspapers? Suppose *The Times* directed its policy according to all the letters it receives, publishable and unpublishable? However, it's quite impossible to find any parallel for what goes on in Hollywood, and one can only be grateful to Miss Ross for having so inflexibly pinned down extravagance. Her portrait of Huston, by the way, though cautious, is endearing.

EN VOITURE!

BUT before you start, a wise economy is an investment in one of the celebrated *Countries of Europe* Series. In currency-short days the price of these well-written, accurate and profusely illustrated travel books will be saved many times; not only will you know what to see—and what to skip—but in their company your holiday will be infinitely more enjoyable.

Two new volumes are just out—produced for those planning Continental holidays at low cost:—

AUSTRIA *by Monk Gibbon*
and
NORMANDY and BRITTANY
by Ralph Dutton

Each with over 100 illustrations 18*s.*

Recently reprinted or revised are:—

SPAIN by *Sacheverell Sitwell*
THE NETHERLANDS by *Sacheverell Sitwell*
THE LAND OF FRANCE by *Ralph Dutton & Lord Holden*

Other volumes include:—

SWITZERLAND by *John Russell*
THE ALPS by *R. L. G. Irving*
BELGIUM & LUXEMBOURG by *Tudor Edwards*
SCANDINAVIA by *Eric de Maré* (21*s.*)

Each 18*s. except* *

BATSFORD

Miss Hedda Hopper is something between sunset boulevardier and gossip hound. She's been in pictures, worn fantastic clothes, given parties for and blown the gaff on the whole Hollywood firmament. Her narrative will have, for the English reader, a surrealist charm: "Wolfie was then living at the Algonquin Hotel; it was handy to the Lambs Club." From twenty-six page photographs she shows her teeth unvaryingly at parties. Wars, slumps, revolutions, atom bombs have left her undisturbed in her own Cellophane, but she loathes Chaplin, and once saw Churchill over a lunch table at which Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy sang duets. She appears once in *Picture*, and is treated like royalty.

G. W. STONIER

LADIES WHOSE BRIGHT EYES

The Sudden View. By SYBILLE BEDFORD. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Somebody should compile the Book of Female Travellers. They see so much that the male misses, overburdened as he often is by the impedimenta of his sex—preconceptions, pedantry and mock-modesty. There is Miss Rebecca West, with the eye of a practised hostess, ever suggesting rewarding re-dispositions; there is Miss Eleanor Clark, whose eye mysteriously fuses past and present; there is Miss Freya Stark, who can see beyond the horizon; and now comes Mrs. Bedford, with one blue eye and one green, combining some of the qualities of Madame de Sévigné and of Brillat-Savarin, yet uniquely herself.

"The upper part of Grand Central Station is large and splendid like the Baths of Caracalla." It was by chance that Mrs. Bedford's visit to Mexico began in New York. As European as Norman Douglas, she is one of Nature's Romans, and it is just that the first sentence of her book should remind us of the fact. Nor are we surprised to find her quoting Mallarmé with exquisite aptness on the next page. Her first sight of the Mississippi suggests equally apt lines from *Le Bateau ivre*.

The reader who expects a book about Mexico to be a Catholic threnody or a proletarian pæan will be disappointed. Nobody else will. Quadrilingual, Mrs. Bedford writes with delicate grace an English prose admirably adapted to record her highly personal impressions of that extravagantly beautiful, bloody country. Her decision to go there was determined by a chance reading of Madame Calderon de la Barca. Travelling as she did, she missed the classic approach to Mexico City from Vera Cruz, but she made some of the obvious trips to Querètaro, Taxco, Cuernavaca, Oaxaca, Cholula. In Mrs. Bedford's company, however, nothing is obvious, everything is new. To have seen the Secret Convent of Santa Monica without her travelling companion E. is not to have seen the Secret Convent of Santa Monica. One would give much to have witnessed that magnificent impatience. The hazards of the journey to Mazatlan are described in their unmitigated horror. Even visited less uncomfortably by sea it is one of the saddest places in the world. How much worse seen like this! Nor does Mrs. Bedford hesitate to explode the legend of that dull little, vulgar little spot, Acapulco.

All this is very good and adds some more pages to the abundant literature on Mexico. Written without indignation or Laurencian twitchings of the solar plexus, with a detachment at once ironic and sympathetic, these sections still do not reveal Mrs. Bedford at her best. The most remarkable part of her book is entirely original. Others have written well on Maximilian and Carlotta, but nobody else, at least nobody who can write, has stayed with Don Otavio on one of the remoter shores of Lake Chapala. Don Otavio has "one of those inherited handsome faces of Goya's minor courtiers, where the acumen, pride and will of an earlier mould have run to fatuity and craft, a set face, narrow, stiff and sad." No first impression can ever have been more misleading. A strain of decadence cannot be denied: he is a being melted into pure kindness. The house he gives them to live in while they are his guests is too good to be true, a two-storied hacienda, washed apricot, with wings enclosing quadrangles and a long south-western front facing the lake; an eighteenth-century building with harmonious additions, the ground plan native, the statuary brought from Italy, the garden believed to be English.

> Birds everywhere: slender birds with pointed scarlet tails, plump birds with yellow breasts and coral beaks, smooth birds with smarmed blue wings; darting birds and birds stuck all over with crests and plumes and quills; tight fitted birds and birds that wore their feathers like a Lully flourish, and striped birds as fantastically got up as cinquecento gondoliers; ibis and heron, dove and quail, egret and wild duck, swallows and cardinals, afloat, in the trees, on the lawn, dipping and skimming in and out, out and in of a dozen open windows.

It sounds like what Hollywood film producers call "a nice little escapist picture." No doubt it is. A rich dish; yet never cloying—peppered with wit and seasoned with salty observations on the human fauna. So satisfying a book deserved to have its proofs corrected.

JOHN DAVENPORT

THE ORACLES ARE NOT SO DUMB

The Victorian Sage. By JOHN HOLLOWAY. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*

The Alien Vision of Victorian Poetry. By E. D. H. JOHNSON. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

It would be disingenuous to write of *The Victorian Sage* as though it could be tackled in one's stride. That was not my experience, at least; I found distinct cause for alarm, not merely at first sight of it but *a priori*. The author's debut was entitled *Language and Intelligence*; and there, we learn, he "pressed home an original attack on three major philosophical theories of meaning," proposed a counter-theory—and so on. To some of us, this must appear a flourish of the Gorgon's head. And it is clear at once that Mr. Holloway is not going to let up. His mode of exposition is austere, and his displeasure blasting. For instance:

> If any reader desires a miscellany of tit-bits from the author's own outlook, presented under the guise of a book about Victorian literature, he had better look elsewhere, and will easily find more than he wants. But these back-seat-driver homilies belong to the pre-history of criticism.

And further on:

> The book is written so as, I hope, to minimize a reader's disadvantage if he happens not to have read a particular work or to recall a particular part of it, and not to maximize that disadvantage—something by no means unknown, though presumably never intended.

These passages deserve a careful gloss. First, one is daunted by the tone. Then one remarks the style—surely less choice than might be hoped for in a language expert. But after that one can't help seeing that the ideas are really liberal and sympathetic, and that the haughty insulting air is used not to intimidate the meek, but to wear down the snob. Later, it turns out that the pledges are exactly kept. For every subject, there is one constant principle: Give him a chance. The author might defy us to convict him of a personal view, or even an æsthetic preference. Which, if not wholly a good thing—control so strict has an affinity with want of air—is an excess too honourable for complaint.

The sage is here defined as one who uses literary methods to prophetic ends: whose function is to "mediate a view of life," not logically—since a world-picture never can be "proved"—but as it were by contact. The Victorian age favoured this type of oracle in a supreme degree, and brought forth a whole crop of seers—enough for Mr. Holloway's half-dozen to be unpredictable. Carlyle, of course. George Eliot, as fiction is allowed. Newman and Matthew Arnold—not quite so obvious, but no surprise. Hardy might throw the guessers out; and number six—Disraeli—would confound them. No one would end up with full marks, and the intrusion of Disraeli might be thought a cheat.

But it is merely anti-snobbish. To Mr. Holloway, Disraeli is a sage within the meaning of the act, and unexplored into the bargain. And in these essays, the aim is not to "criticise" but to explore. There are two questions to be asked: First, what, in each case, is the view of life? and secondly, how is it put across? How do the personal techniques, the modes of argument, the use of language, character and scene, build up a whole response, so that at last the "teaching" is the presentation?

But here, instead of getting down to it, I must resign, thwarted by too much matter. The answers are impossible to telescope—and sometimes difficult to read. We have had notice of this point, though Mr. Holloway observes that he has done his best, and has eschewed all technicalities. And as we know, he is an honourable man. Still, now and then interest is held up by a "Table" which one can only skip, or a barrage of mutilated excerpts which invites a scream. But these are momentary snags; Arnold, for instance, though the worst sufferer from chopped quotation, appears to great advantage on the whole, and is perhaps the likeliest subject for re-reading. Only Carlyle seems tough all through—but there I had small patience to begin with. Hardy is at the opposite extreme, not merely thornless but enchanting; whereas George Eliot leaves one a trifle flat, and I suspect imperfect sympathy. This is the only positive let-down: although Disraeli, after all, has something of a flimsy look, as of a sage in shallow water.

This writer has no truck with verse. Mr. E. D. H. Johnson's volume is about Tennyson and Browning, and Matthew Arnold as a poet. In Mr. Johnson's view, these great Victorians hoped to conciliate their age without denying their true awareness—to be at once acceptable and pure; and the result, æsthetically, was a split mind and a double life. To bear this out, he offers a close scrutiny of their ideas. Tennyson yields the happiest result, Browning the worst; what Browning thought, or thought he thought, strikes one as neither here nor there. And though a worthy, it is a rather plodding business on the whole.

K. JOHN

A NEGLECTED QUEEN

Mary II Queen of England. By HESTER W. CHAPMAN. *Cape.* 25*s.*

Sweet, submissive characters, however pleasant to meet with in daily life, generally make no great mark in the world: they edge away from the limelight and creep to the back of the stage of history. Mary, one of our most popular Queens in her day, who played a vital political part at one of the most critical junctures of our national existence, has been rewarded for the self-effacement which she practised all her life by the almost total neglect of posterity. Her spirit of gentle acquiescence has been too soft a material to attract the biographer's chisel, while history books write her down as "a beautiful ninny," mated with "an heroic prig." It is from such summary dismissal that Miss Chapman now rescues her in an extremely sympathetic, scholarly and well-written book.

At the age of fifteen Mary was brusquely married to the Prince of Orange, and died of smallpox seventeen years later. The match was a smart move in Charles II's juggling policy between his Catholic and his Protestant supporters. There was no love in it on either side: the Dutchman wanted an English bride for reasons of state; the English girl did as she was told by her uncle and father. Yet in spite of this inauspicious start the couple became fond and remained united until death parted them. They failed, indeed, to ensure the Protestant line of succession as intended—Mary suffered two early miscarriages and thereafter William diverted his attentions to a mistress—but the bond between them became perhaps all the stronger for the

Prize

BALDWIN by G. M. YOUNG has been awarded the James Tait Black memorial prize for the best biography of 1952.

THE CLARK LECTURES 1951-2

Coleridge

By HUMPHRY HOUSE

'To me,' writes Edmund Blunden in the *Bookman*, 'Mr. House appears to come closest to Coleridge, and to understand him in his depths. This is partly a matter of sheer intellectual grasp and devotion . . . His book is a direct addition to the Coleridge bookcase; in any event it enriches the possessor.'

8s. 6d. net.

THE

Weeping AND THE Laughter

By J. MACLAREN-ROSS

An autobiography of childhood

12s. 6d. net

THE BOOK OF

Cricket

VERSE

Edited by Gerald Brodribb

10s. 6d. net

Lis

SAILS THE ATLANTIC

Lis Andersen was only 11 when her family sailed from Denmark, across the Atlantic and back. Her account of the voyage is No. 22 in the MARINER'S LIBRARY.

Illustrated. 9s. 6d. net.

HART-DAVIS

CERVANTES

DON QUIXOTE

Translated by SAMUEL PUTNAM

"It can safely be said that, for the non-Spanish-speaking reader, this present production is not likely to be superseded for many years. Mr. Putnam was led to begin his arduous task because of the neglect of Cervantes owing to unreadable translations. For any future neglect there will no longer be an excuse."

—*Times Literary Supplement*

$9\frac{3}{8}'' \times 6\frac{1}{4}''$, 2 *vols., boxed.* 63/- *net.*

A companion volume to *Don Quixote* is Samuel Putnam's translation of Cervantes'

Three Exemplary Novels

$9\frac{3}{8}'' \times 6\frac{1}{4}''$, 256 *pp.* 30/- *net.*

CASSELL

An Economic Survey of the Colonial Territories, 1951

A new edition of a periodic survey which last appeared in 1940, is being published in a series of seven volumes. Six of these will describe the economic features of each regional group of Colonial territories and the seventh will deal with the commodities produced in the territories as a whole.

The following volumes have been published:

Vol. I. The Central African and High Commission Territories. 25s. (25s. 3d.)

Vol. III. The West African Territories, with St. Helena. 25s. (25s. 4d.)

Vol. IV. The West Indian and American Territories, with the Bahamas, Bermuda and the Falkland Islands. 40s. (40s. 6d.)

Vol. VII. Products of the Colonial Territories. 42s. (42s. 6d.)

Volumes on the East African Territories, The Far Eastern Territories and The Mediterranean and Pacific Territories are in course of preparation.

Prices in brackets include postage

HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE

P.O. Box 569, London, S.E.1, and Sale Offices in London, Edinburgh, Manchester, Birmingham, Cardiff, Bristol and Belfast, or through any book-seller

ENGLISH HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS 1042-1189

Edited by PROFESSOR DAVID DOUGLAS, M.A., F.B.A. and G. W. GREENAWAY, M.A.

Professor V. H. Galbraith: "In the last resort, an understanding of contemporary moods of thought must be sought in the contemporary sources. Such is the justification of this huge series, and it is a sound one . . . The most decisive and constructive period in English history, so important and so dead, comes to life in these pages."

(*Time and Tide*)

The Times: "No one can turn over these relics without marvelling at the incomparable riches of the English public records." (*In a leading article.*)

Professor C. H. Williams: "An important landmark in historical studies in this country."

(*Daily Telegraph*)

1,099 pages. 40 pages of plates. 80s. net.

THE MAN ON A DONKEY

H. F. M. PRESCOTT

One-volume Edition now Available

John Raymond: "Her book is a unique achievement. It blends fine scholarship with great literary imagination and it has a sweep and a breadth that one had forgotten could belong to the historical novel. . . Undoubtedly one of the finest historical novels written in this century" (*New Statesman*). *712 pages.* 15s. *net.*

LINCOLN THE PRESIDENT

Volume III: Midstream

J. G. RANDALL

Financial Times: "Accurate, impartial and wise . . . his lucid, authoritative style makes the whole work as enjoyable to read as his impeccable use of sources makes it reliable." *Vols. I and II* 40s. *net the set. Vol. III* 448 *pages.* 16 *plates* 42s. *net.*

MARY TUDOR

H. F. M. PRESCOTT

The Times Lit. Sup. "Fair-minded, just and comprehensive . . . if Miss Prescott's primary aim was to include all knowledge touching on her subject available at the time of writing, she has splendidly succeeded, and for that she has earned the gratitude of her generation." 448 *pages.* 7 *plates.* 30s. *net.*

Eyre & Spottiswoode

PROPHECY OF FAMINE

A warning—and the remedy

MASSINGHAM - HYAMS

"I do not know of any other book which deals so fully with the peculiar dangers confronting the British People... Brave, timely and inspired by a fine appreciation of human values"

Jacquetta Hawkes—*Sunday Times*

12/6

THAMES AND HUDSON

BERTRAND RUSSELL

The Good Citizen's Alphabet

DRAWINGS BY FRANCISZKA THEMERSON

8s.6d. net

CAMBERLOCCHUS PRESS LIMITED

The truth about Germany

NOW BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE, every thinking man and woman should know what is being done in Western Germany. Detailed evidence of the plans for a new World War is now presented in the

WHITE BOOK

ON THE BONN WAR TREATY

Published by the German Democratic Republic. Not opinion—but FACTS! Documented, authentic, official evidence that cannot be disputed, must not be ignored.

228 PAGES. PRICE ONE SHILLING

Or 1s. 2d. by post from

COLLET'S BOOKSHOPS

66 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2, 40 & 67 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1, 193 Haverstock Hill, N.W.3 and 62 Carr Lane, Hull.

For postal copies send this coupon.

Post to any of the above addresses.

I enclose.....for.....copies of the WHITE BOOK.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

absence of passion in its composition. The basis of the relationship on Mary's side was romantic admiration for her remarkable husband's talents, and on William's, gratitude and trust in return for such loyalty.

Mary's aptitude for romantic devotion dated from childhood. A number of illiterate but adoring letters have recently come to light, written by Mary to her girlhood friend, Frances Apsley. In these extraordinary effusions Mary calls Frances "cruel husband" and signs herself "your loving wife," following a harmless phantasy not uncommon among little girls. But it is not usual for such daydreams to persist beyond puberty. In Mary's case she never stopped addressing Frances as "husband," long after she had herself married another "cruel husband" in William. Miss Chapman makes admirable use of this newly published material to explain the lack of development in Mary's character. She never grew up to adult stature; in every relationship she had to be weak and subservient—like a child, in fact. After Frances Apsley she fell under the domination of William. After William's default as a lover she took refuge in piety and fell into the grip of God—the cruellest husband of them all, in Miss Chapman's opinion.

With such an innocent, self-revealing person there is no room or need for subtle psychology. Miss Chapman bases her straightforward story on ascertained facts and never ventures into rash speculation to fill in the gaps. But the facts are enough to show that Mary, although a simple woman, was not in the least a ninny. William was a sound judge of character and would never have left a silly goose in sole charge of the affairs of his kingdom while he went campaigning in Flanders; and, indeed, in her artlessness Mary was better at handling the shifty Whigs and Tories than many a cleverer woman might have been. Simplicity, however, is often a bar to intelligence; and there was a streak of Stuart stupidity in Mary that Miss Chapman is too kind to stress. For example, Mary never realised, until it was tactfully pointed out to her, that if she became Queen of England William would not be King, but Prince Consort—a position to which he did not aspire. Had she grasped that elementary fact of constitutional history—and she had plenty of occasion to do so as heiress presumptive to the throne—she could have spared herself and her ambitious husband nine years of needless misunderstanding.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

BUMPER CROP

Rembrandt's Etchings. By LUDWIG MUNZ. *Phaidon.* Two volumes. £8. 10*s*.

The Drawings of the Carracci at Windsor Castle. By R. WITTKOWER. *Phaidon.* 63*s*.

The Drawings of Pieter Bruegel the Elder. By CHARLES DE TOLNAY. *Zwemmer.* £3. 10*s*.

Alexander and John Robert Cozens. By A. P. OPPÉ. *Black.* 30*s*.

How many good books on art can we hope for in a year? Books, that is to say, that are not noticeable only as a part of the glossy scenery of bookshops, an intermittent and unwholesome accompaniment, by turns extravagant and pedantic, to the routine rumble of the literary machine. Half a dozen? Hardly more, and the requisite conditions, the coincidence of talent with learning and devotion, craftsmanship with taste and a capital investment of staggering size, make it a matter for wonder that there are even so many. So this collection, the production of a single month, is exceptional. Indeed, it is fabulous; each of these books is a valuable and, quite certainly, permanent contribution where the available literature was thinnest. Nobody who cares for the essence of the visual arts, their graphic spine, can well do without any of them. Their total price will make a hole in almost any pocket, yet it is not unreasonable; nothing approaching them has ever cost much less. In books of this kind capital equipment is being laid down, the essential machinery for the understanding of art in the next fifty years.

The reliability of machinery like this can only be thoroughly tested by time. But it seems clear, from a preliminary look, that Dr. Munz's monumental volumes will survive. His commentary is, indeed, so humane and comprehending and his scholarship, to all appearances, so exact, that this great and quiet book, without any of the cosmic fireworks which customarily embellish Rembrandt studies, may well turn out to be the most substantial single work in all the enormous literature on the master. The whole enterprise has been conceived on the most generous scale. The stages in the formation of each design, from its complex sources through successive stages to the final state, are here illustrated with a fullness that makes the book the most compendious and comprehensible of studies of the creative process itself. Furthermore, in a field with a peculiar historical fascination, Dr. Munz is the best of guides to the ramifications of the Rembrandt school. We begin, thanks to a balanced criticism which has no hobby-horse to ride, to see the pupils in their true stature. The way is opening for a serious modern study of the school itself, a study that will be more rewarding than might be supposed, for it was a characteristic of Rembrandt's genius to liberate remarkable qualities in his disciples which the wrong label on a frame obscures. It is, for example, easy, with Dr. Munz's illustrations in mind, to discover, and enjoy at last without a sinking of the heart, an excellent work by Drost among the Rembrandts now at Burlington House.

It does not take a specialist to feel the force of Rembrandt, or to see the virtue of a book about him; it would be pleasant to think that Professor Wittkower's catalogue could expect so general a welcome. But the revival of specialised interest in the art between Renaissance and Baroque has been almost too rapid. The public which is learning to tolerate Mannerism and Caravaggesque anti-Mannerism, both at once, is here confronted with a style which is neither. There still hangs about the Carracci the discreditable label of "eclectic," and they further suffer from being bundled into the single portmanteau of their name, a classification hardly more illuminating than a category, in modern literature, of Greens. This is, in fact, a pioneer work. Professor Wittkower provides, in his excellent introduction, the only discussion in English of the family, and the only study anywhere of Annibale's whole career, as well as an exemplary catalogue of the drawings. The dust is blown off with a vengeance, and in the drawings Annibale, at least, is seen vividly at very close quarters; so close is he, and so much more comprehensible to us in relation to his times than are the masters of the High Renaissance, that lessons may perhaps be learned here which are now beyond our reach elsewhere.

The Brueghel volume makes available in English one of the classics of European criticism. If a shadow of provincialism still hangs over historical studies in this country, it is because monographs of this calibre have proved so seldom to be within our range, because so few historians are capable of preceding an exact and balanced catalogue with an essay of De Tolnay's poetic penetration. The main lines of his interpretation will now seem familiar, but the freedom of his writing and the profundity of his response have not been replaced. Although the illustrations—printed by offset of average quality with the typical disadvantages of the method—are barely worthy of the text, this is a book to be welcomed without reserve. It is criticism of the kind that narrows the gap between history and art, the only kind, perhaps, in which the deep suspicion of irrelevance that lies in wait for the reader between the lines of many of the most serious of studies is set at rest.

There would, no doubt, in default of these, have been other, though hardly better, books about Brueghel, Rembrandt and the Carracci. Without Mr. Oppé we could not have had any book about Alexander Cozens at all. John Robert had survived a little better but Alexander,

the profoundly original father, left until recent years little but a name and an eccentric legend. This modest and admirable book is the fruit of half a lifetime of rediscovery, and it provides a firm, if exiguous, basis of knowledge: very probably there is little more to be found. In addition, as important as anything, Mr. Oppé reproduces in full the rare *New Method*, the text in which Alexander expounded the spontaneous generation of design and his famous, much misunderstood, technique of blotting. Did "his contribution to æsthetic thought amount to nothing," as Mr. Oppé is inclined to think? Cozens's method, or its formulation, was indeed new. It realised, implicitly, that the essence of drawing is the intrinsic pattern, the shape upon the paper; more daring still, it drove directly into unmapped country, the borderland between deliberation and accident where the victories of the intuition are won. John Robert was not the only artist liberated, indirectly, by this example. Indeed, its force is not expended yet.

Each of the expensive books in this extraordinarily fruitful crop can be warranted to return its price, but none more fully than Mr. Oppé's.

LAWRENCE GOWING

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

The Philosophy of Science. By STEPHEN TOULMIN. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Philosophy section of Hutchinson's University Library—to which this volume is the most recent addition—has all the signs of being built up on a definite considered policy. There is no room in it for the familiar sort of book that is a mere *catalogue raisonné* of the subject—an arbitrary list of questions, an unconvincing set of answers. Instead, each book is clearly an expression of, is an argument for, a particular philosophical theory or attitude. In this way, the reader is made to see that philosophy is primarily an *activity*.

Mr. Toulmin's book is no exception to this enlightened policy. He has most decidedly a case to argue, and he argues it clearly and eloquently. It is that what traditionally passes as the Philosophy of Science has little right to that title because it is carried on in almost complete ignorance of the way in which scientists actually proceed. As a result, a large number of the problems it discusses and the solutions it offers are quite unreal, and can on a more accurate view of scientific procedure be shown to be so.

It is this more accurate view of the behaviour of scientists that Mr. Toulmin sets out to offer us. His enemy is the excessively positivist interpretation of scientific laws and theories, which would turn them into mere empirical generalisations, into statements describing observable regularities and uniformities. Such a view is a hang-over from the "natural history" stage of science. To Mr. Toulmin's way of thinking, the laws and theories of advanced science are more correctly seen as pictures, as maps, as models, imaginatively conceived, whose role is to relate and make intelligible different aspects of Nature. They do not describe the world as we know it, but provide us with a method of co-ordinating our descriptions. They are not true or false, but they are useful or useless, fruitful or barren.

Mr. Toulmin's exposition is certainly clearer and more cogent than earlier versions of the same view. Where, however, he is less compelling is in making clear the relevance of this sort of description of scientific practice to what is generally known as the logic of scientific method. Some philosophers have denied any very intimate connection between the two, and their arguments are formidable. It is a pity that Mr. Toulmin doesn't face them more squarely. For someone so sensitive to the motives of the scientist, he is remarkably unsympathetic to those of the logician. In this connection, the vocabulary of the book is revealing. Why should it be a distinctive mark of those philosophers who lay most stress on ordinary language, that they put the word "logic" to curious, unaccustomed uses?

Mr. Toulmin is in the van of this movement.

RICHARD WOLLHEIM

NEW NOVELS

The Stain on the Snow. By GEORGES SIMENON. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Siesta. By GEORGE MILLAR. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
The Human Kind. By ALEXANDER BARON. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
In the Absence of Angels. By HORTENSE CALISHER. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The business of the novelist is not, as some people think, to unravel the mystery of personality; nor even, particularly, to study it; his business is to celebrate it. Of the four books under review only the first two are in fact straightforward novels; but both Mr. Baron's collection of autobiographical fragments and Miss Calisher's short stories may be brought into comparison in the light of this large common aim.

Of these four writers M. Simenon is the most conscious—indeed self-conscious—about his mission. In any case one approaches his book with awe. There is the Simenon-Willow-Run legend of a novel every seventeen minutes for thirty-four years, and all, so one understands, merely by way of warming up . . . Perhaps *Stain on the Snow* is *it*—the Object of the Exercise? Perhaps it is; there is the impressive opening, the town under the snow and the Occupation, the spivs in their black-market restaurant, the heavy atmosphere, realist-romantic, of very good pre-war French films, *Quai des Brumes*, *Hôtel du Nord*. And the boy, Frank, the brothel-keeper's boy, who gets hold of a gun and moves on from murder to procuring a young girl, Sissy, who loves him, for an ally who loves young girls. Frank's varied activities lead in the end to his arrest by the Occupiers, and there then breaks out within him a kind of private resistance movement. He resists pressure, then torture. Sissy is permitted to visit him and tells him that she loves him still; in the end he is shot. It seems a fair inference that, in dealing with this theme of redemption and atonement, M. Simenon was concerned with celebrating the mystery of personality.

Yet it seems to me that, like many much less gifted, much less competent novelists, he has succeeded only in puzzling about a problem of behaviour. In the end he puzzles his readers. The fatal lack of this book, of a book upon so serious a theme, is moral depth. M. Simenon fails to convey evil, and in consequence fails to portray good. Frank, in his deplorable goings-on, remains somehow merely "delinquent," a subject for treatment rather than for redemption and atonement. It is, on the other hand, hard to be quite fair about such a book as this, streamlined with competence, armoured with power. As it rides triumphantly past there seem only two possibilities—to salute smartly or chuck a piece of orange peel at it. It hardly leaves time for a more elaborate gesture.

Mr. Millar by contrast does leave time; his fault is to leave a little too much. *Siesta* is an agreeable, well-written, unpretentious entertainment about the upheaval caused amongst the gentry of a country district by the revelation that one of their number, a young painter, has done a nude of another, a married woman of good reputation. Amusing, shrewd, urbane, the book is perhaps a little too contrived. The balloon is kept in the air very deftly, but it becomes obvious too early that it *is* being kept in the air. The fuss is too big and too prolonged; it might have been like this in 1910 perhaps, but hardly in the Fifties. And then, to Helena Travers, who read "*The New Statesman*—for the back pages" (*The New Statesman* has a big circulation amongst characters in fiction) something like this was bound to happen anyway. Still, I enjoyed *Siesta*, and parts of it I enjoyed very much.

Now for Mr. Baron's autobiographical fragments. It is perhaps out of place to review these

The
Good
for
Nothing

A NOVEL BY
JAMES YAFFE
10s. 6d.

"The setting is New York, but it could as well be the London of glistening luxury flats, sleek cars and warm emotional hearts behind the shrewd bargaining that goes on. Mr. Yaffe is an immensely amusing writer. He loves his people. He is not blind to their weaknesses. Above everything, he can tell a story."
JOHN BETJEMAN (*Daily Telegraph*)

"*The Good-For-Nothing* is a very funny book, neither cruel nor sentimental."
—*The Times*

Constable

DAILY SKETCH BOOK FIND
Silence for His Worship
BERNARD ASH
A bright new name in fiction leaps to fame with this epic novel. '*I read it all through in one breath*'—ANGELA THIRKELL
APRIL 15 12*s* 6*d net*

THE WILDES OF MERRION SQUARE
Patrick Byrne
Although the fame of Oscar overshadows the other Wildes, his parents, his brother and his beautiful wife Constance provide ample material for an intensely interesting biography.
JUST OUT 10*s* 6*d net*

GRAND PRIX DU ROMAN
The Brigand
HENRY CASTILLOU
Those whose minds are sharpened by the piquancy of Continental fiction will relish this translation of Castillou's prize-winning novel. Even at the expense of delicacy the narrative reflects the torment of the running battle for survival in the Sicilian mountains.
JUST OUT 10*s* 6*d net*

STAPLES

under the heading of *New Novels*, but Mr. Baron's talent and method are those of the novelist, and his business is to celebrate the mystery of personality. To this he brings superb gifts; they are amongst the finest possessed by any writer of the post-war generation. In this volume he does not exercise all of them. He is content with the pouncing swiftness in catching character, an evocation of atmosphere that is brilliant in its very unobtrusiveness, a fluent humour, and the ability to unleash, without contrivance, a mule-kick denouement. There is nothing smart about Mr. Baron's writing, but at the same time there is nothing mousy; it is assured and full of power, with an occasional assaulting ferocity; and I for one can read it like a thirsty man drinking.

The sketches in this book cover the adolescence of a working-class boy in London, the call-up, training in England, and the Army overseas. There is hardly a glimpse of the post-war world—for that matter the glimpse of the pre-war world is very brief. It seems that for Mr. Baron the War was an experience which he finds it hard to write out of his system; his best writing has all been set against a background of war. But although he writes about war experiences, his real subject is not war; and his admirers will be content to wait as long as Mr. Baron wishes before turning to another setting

Miss Calisher, so her publishers say, belongs to "that brilliant band of short-story writers known here as the *New Yorker* school," and this tells us at once a good deal. We know from it that we shall have stories literate and shapely, urbane, almost always with more feeling than we expect, but generally treating the mystery of human personality as something to which the solution has been worked out. Labelled "Liquor," "Sex," "Habit," or "Self-deception," it is found like Q.E.D. at the end. Miss Calisher's stories run pretty true to type. The most usual theme is social insecurity. In *One of the Chosen* a Jew attending a College reunion recalls a spastic, a negro, and other oddities whom he and his friends had considered beyond the social pale, and then finds that he had himself been considered to be beyond one particular pale. (Self-deception unmasked: a curiously similar basic plot figures in a story *Graven Image*, by another writer of the *New Yorker* school, Mr. John O'Hara). In another story a first-generation Jewess is coyly pleased because an elderly harridan of old Dutch New York stock obstinately insists on taking her for a Gentile. All these stories reach a standard which is not low, and some rise above it; they would read better separately than together (what a test these collections are of the genuine originality of a short-story writer!); but the tendency is for the motivation to lie a little too near the surface, a treacherous reef on which feeling bumps and stops.

J. D. SCOTT

BIGGER PAPERS—
more room for writers

The recent fall in the price of newsprint means larger issues and bigger chances for new writers.

Now is the time to learn how to write and where to sell—with an expanding market before you.

The London School of Journalism, producer of thousands of successful writers all over the world, can shorten the road and help you add to your income by writing. The LSJ succeeds because everyone is coached individually and it is this fact that caused Truth to say "the LSJ claims less and achieves more".

The fees are low and preliminary advice is free. If you like you may send a MS. with your enquiry to:

Prospectus Office,
LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
57, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.
MUSeum 4574

"There are LSJ students all over the world"

Company Meeting

NATIONAL BANK OF INDIA

The annual general meeting of The National Bank of India, Limited, will be held on April 14 in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement by the Chairman (Mr. J. K. Michie) relating to the accounts for 1952:—

The total of the Consolidated Balance Sheet shows a reduction of £3,816,532 to £143,467,142 which in the conditions met during the year is a relatively small decline. The figure relating to the National Bank of India, Ltd., alone has fallen by £1,839,229, although the total of deposits has in fact risen slightly —Loans payable on the other hand have fallen from £4,000,000 to £740,663.

On the other side of the book advances have fallen by over £12 millions and, in consequence, cash and investments, including Bills of Exchange, etc., show an overall increase of £10,962,165. As I explained last year there were special reasons for advances being temporarily high at Dec. 31st, 1951.

After making full provision for taxation and other necessary reservations net profits are £381,444, a reduction of £29,229 as compared with 1951 results which were exceptional. We are, therefore, satisfied with the results and with the progress the Bank is making.

Grindlays Bank, Ltd., again had a satisfactory year and we continue to be satisfied with their progress.

Despite the difficulties of the times through which we are passing I have complete faith that your business will grow and expand and I believe our prospects for 1953 are quite favourable.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Strasbourg Geese, and Other Verses. By SAGITTARIUS. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

Back to 1949 flips the calendar, and at Strasbourg the European Movement is settling down to goose-liver *paté* and foolscap, water-walks and a Charter of Federation, when they are confounded by the rear, "Get cracking!" Then, in the same year, we had words, of course, with the Argentine about beef (this seems to crop up most years), Sir Stafford Cripps at Blackpool kernled the Inland Revenue with the inner vision, there was a little old railway strike threatened for Whitsun, the Waste-Lander netted $20,300 from the twentieth week of *The Cocktail Party* in New York, Christmas towered over us in its customary fashion:

Hark! The herald angels sing!
Have you thought of everything . . .?

and so, to Sagittarian bells, the old rang out and the new in. 1950, with Gorgeous Gussy and Rommel de-Nazified, follows; 1951 (Bevan kicked, Mossadeq peeping coyly through the bed-curtains); 1952, and fares rising and road haulage set free and new German uniforms improving on the old and Korea no better and Christmas once more.

Old newspapers, a scrap-album, the *Oxford Book of English Verse* wickedly remembered and distorted: so, neatly if at times with a bright despair, Sagittarius jogs the memory. Some of the topics are almost too heart-wearying for this acute pen: the muddle of united Europe, for example. "Strasbourg Geese," the long unpublished poem with which the book opens, reveals that there may even be a sag in Sagittarius; but if the skit of conferencing dwindles to a report, aggressive brightness is well, and sometimes more than well, sustained by the Other Verses. Most of the week-by-week pieces wield an exact hammer and clang the bell; and for favourites one would have to choose between the lament for glamorous spies, Bevan fallen among gents, the several Christmas groans, the Krupps family re-installed, the B.B.C. talk on "Having a Baby" banned because of its political implications, and our previous Chancellor's pronouncement that "belts must be tighter yet."

Dear land for rising costs renowned,
Thou shalt be dearer yet . . .

—nicely Gaitskellian.

The Greek Bucolic Poets. A Translation into English Prose. By A. S. F. GOW. *Cambridge.* 18s.

To read Theocritus straight through is to be reminded that more than any other author he created a world of pleasure; for so very much of what we mean by *pastoral* stems from this clever, fussy, charming and difficult poet: even those who have a good deal of Greek find him hard to read. Mr. Gow has devoted a lifetime to Theocritus and his followers Bion and Moschus, and now presents as a pendant to his great editions this elegant little book of translations, with just enough learned and witty commentary to enable us to make full sense of them. Following Theocritus he uses several sorts of language, but chiefly that compounded in the nineteenth century of archaism and inversion ("illustrious, if aught such there be") to serve in prose translation of Greek poetry. Mr. Gow is so much a master of it in clarity and rhythm that he provokes the question whether contemporary sensibility is "right" both to find this sort of language a fake and to go on feeling that Greek poetic diction is exciting utterance. Theocritus wrote much that is not pastoral, notably Idyll XV, *The Adonis Festival*. The translation of this poem, funny, sentimental and holy, lays hold of our senses with the quality of being alive in Alexandria on a September afternoon in 272 B.C.

The Stranger's Son. By JOHN KEEVIL. *Bles.* 21s.

This is the second volume to result from Dr. Keevil's exploration into the archives of the Royal College of Physicians while he was Librarian. It passes from the life of the elder Baldwin Hamey, the Huguenot refugee, to that of his son, of the same name, but a more delicate temperament. After the father's adventures in habilitating himself in a foreign country, and going from England to Russia at the summons of the Czar, the son's career appears to have been comparatively serene. He was born within the sound of Bow Bells, and lived for most of his long life in the parish of All Hallows, Barking Like his father, he was a scholar-philosopher, brought up with extreme care and even anxiety by his doting parents, both of whom he worshipped until their death. This volume opens after the father's funeral in 1640, with the disconsolate son well on his way to fame as a diagnostician, and Patron of the Royal College which had been so chary of recognising his father some fifty years earlier. The book is even more valuable than its predecessor as a footnote to history, for the younger Hamey knew everybody of great moment, and he played a public part during the Fire and the Plague of London. What does emerge is that plague conditions were chronic, and that the great outburst of 1666 was merely one of several exasperations of a general sanitary level which was not much improved until late in the nineteenth century.

Dr. Keevil has again to be praised for the quality of scholarship put into the translation of the letters from Latin and Greek, and the running commentary which links them. The narrative is graceful, and shows the range of consciousness of a truly civilised mind working with both pleasure and humility.

Christianity. By S. C. CARPENTER. *Penguin* 2s.

Dr. Carpenter here writes primarily as a preacher. Though in form his book claims to be a history of Christianity, his real aim is to stimulate faith and Christian endeavour, in this present age of challenge and threatened chaos. Like Parson Thwackum, when he says Christianity he really means the Church of England, and he is plainly thinking chiefly of contemporary Anglican readers. In dealing with the Reformation, he gives seven pages to England, six lines to Luther, and no mention at all to Calvin and Zwingli; and between 1550 and 1900 he ignores events outside England, except that he considers the Counter-Reformation a good thing and German Biblical criticism a bad one. Like the nineteenth-century Liberals whom he castigates, he sees history as steady advance, motivated by moral forces and the Divine Will, and without real inner tensions. His account of important events (*e.g.*, the origins of the Holy Roman Empire, or the Papacy, or monasticism, or Nonconformity) is always conventional, too brief and moralising for discrimination, and sometimes erroneous. His aim is popular persuasion, not critical history. He is eager for foreign missions, Christian reunion, a more socially conscious Church, and a new appeal to the indifferent.

He disarms criticism by saying that "the sceptical inquirer cannot but be biased" against Christian faith. But history is a discipline, not a branch of homiletics. Can the Pelican series give us, as well as such popular expositions, more translations

of major works of European theology, and critical studies of Christian history, philosophy and morals?

Scottish Farming in the Eighteenth Century. By JAMES E. HANDLEY. *Faber.* 25*s.*

The methods of farming employed in Scotland during the first half of the eighteenth century were, as the publishers of this book remark, "little different from those of medieval times." Reading Dr. Handley's scholarly and crisply written book, one may feel that they were almost palæolithic. It is a terrible and pathetic picture of a vicious circle of undernourishment, lethargy, and ignorance. Three things broke the circle—the potato, scientific cropping, and a new system of individual land tenure—and in a period roughly co-extensive with the life of Burns they brought about a revolution. Great as will be the interest of this book to economic historians and other students, it is very much to be hoped that it will also find its way into the hands of those who are currently facing the problem of transforming backward agricultural systems. There is encouragement as well as information in the history of these enthusiastic, tenacious and ingenious Scottish forerunners.

African Handbook of Birds: Series I, Vol. I: Birds of Eastern and North Eastern Africa. By C. W. MACKWORTH-PRAED and C. H. B. GRANT. *Longmans.* 45*s.*

This superb work when completed will be comparable to, say, Witherby's *Handbook of British Birds.* But Witherby had many competent predecessors; Mr. Mackworth-Praed and Captain Grant are pioneers. And Witherby dealt only with these islands, whereas the present volume covers about a quarter of a continent. It is a most workmanlike production, giving the observer in the field every possible aid to bird-identification. Apart from clear verbal descriptions, there are keys, neat sketches in the margins, maps, photographs, and a series of coloured illustrations which are first rate as far as they go, but which can only go so far as six to a page will permit. This economy, however, enables well over a thousand species to be illustrated in colour. The book is most intelligently arranged, well printed, and strongly bound. The authors and their publisher are very much to be congratulated.

In our Selected List of Spring and Summer Books (page 310, March 14) the price of *The Sword from the Rock*, by G. R. Levy (to be published by Faber) was wrongly given as *42s.*; the price should be *30s.*

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,205

Set by Richard Lister

This week the flat-racing season opens. Competitors are invited to celebrate this important event with twelve lines of verse in the style of any one of the following: Chesterton, Masefield, Housman, Hardy, early Eliot. Entries by Tuesday, April 7.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,202

Set by Guy Walsingham

Competitors are invited to try their hand at writing the blurb of a book entitled *The Snob's Guide to the Literary World.* Nobody need limit themselves to London or these islands.

Report by Guy Walsingham

What would you do if you were asked to take a young lady pornographer in to dinner? What is the order of procedure as between Bacon and Fry, or the correct distance to keep from Sartre? Would you like to meet T. S. Eliot at a Cocktail Party? Could you undergo the Scrutiny of F. R. Leavis? Have you a Liberal Imagination like Lionel Trilling? Have you the *least* idea who Julien Sorel was? With such deadly questions did the blurb-writers prick self-assurance, stimulate vanity and bully their readers into buying the Snob's Guide. But how they kept on making the naive assumption that the Literary World is interested in *Books*—as if a nice taste in wine or wives were not a far surer passport to the best *salons* of Notting Hill and Canonbury than mugging-up the synopsis of *Pisan Cantos* or *The Man without Qualities!* Honourable mention to Jim Parrott, Bernard Tivey and D. N. Dalglish for supplying the questions at the head of this report, and to V. Yule for her conceit of "miniature hostesses' edition in white satin." First prize of two guineas to Elaine Morgan, and twenty-five shillings each to the other three printed.

BLURB FOR THE SNOB'S GUIDE TO THE LITERARY WORLD

For all who despair of "keeping abreast" this book fulfils a long-felt want. Why mumble about books you haven't read, when you can dogmatise about books *nobody has read?*

Here, at last, a blinding searchlight is turned on the vast uncharted shallows of world literature. When conversation turns "bookish," even the least erudite reader can counter the minor with the minuscule, the obscure with the unintelligible, the unfamiliar with the unheard-of.

Fearlessly written in deceptively nervous prose, such cameos as "Manuel Armego, the Michael Drayton of Costa Rica," will not lightly be forgotten.

Observe the impact on the critics:

"Will inevitably be compared with Amenhotep III's 'Thutiy.'"—*Guardian.*

"The greatest work of compilation (except Cho Pa-Hui's 'Dung-Beetles of the Yangtse') 1953 has produced."—*Post.*

Asterisks conveniently signpost your degree of immunity from contradiction: *Out of print. **Untranslated. . . . ******Hieroglyphic carvings in Dakar museum. *******Oral rendering by octogenarian Lapp.

ELAINE MORGAN

In spite of its satirical title this book provides much useful information for the aspirant. In it he can discover how to look so ordinary that anyone can tell at a glance that he isn't; how to get by in a poet's pub; how to distinguish the Real Thing from the Fake; how to get along with the Real Thing—and snub the Other Fakes. There is a chapter on clichés—desirable, undesirable and inadmissible—and a sartorial section specifying the usual attire for poets, high-brow novelists, popular novelists and film-script writers. Various ploys are explained with hints of their uses—Distant Worshipper, Enthusiastic Disciple, Hail-Fellow equipped with First Names, and Impressive Eccentric. It is reassuring to learn that the question "What are you doing now?" need not be answered. No one is really interested.

A. M. SAYERS

The Bayard Press announce:

VADE-NOBISCUM: The Reader's Assimilator
Not a Digest, but a Synthesis.
Can you pronounce Anouilh?
Are you conversant with the Neo-Elizabethans?
You cannot afford to be ignorant of the Silurists or of the re-discovery of *Alice in Wonderland.*
Donne is no longer enough—the Edwardian idiom is now an intellectual "must."
By use of the unique culture-strip in Vol. II you may join not only the intelligentsia but the cognoscenti on equal terms, providing yourself with quotations from and allusions to the just sufficiently unknown.
From *graffiti* to Gide you will discriminate between the "Coming" and the "Arrived" with all the confidence, taste and judgment of a *littérateur*, while maintaining the essentially British status of the dilettante.
Great reputations have been founded upon less.
All that matters in 2989 pages. Two volumes, 35/-.

RHODA TUCK POOK

One night the author sat watching a routine movie. There was a moment when the hero was asked how he spent his time. "I read, I guess. Proust, Gide, all those fellers. . . ."

This book seeks to steer the literary epicure clear of the society prizing these banal dishes. Similarly, he would as soon introduce his reader to circles where Rilke and Kafka are the passwords as he would, say, Brillat-Savarin to a downtown cafeteria specialising in sauerkraut.

He has, in fact, the true gourmet's palate for *la spécialité de la région.* Holding that the seed-bed of American literature is nearer the saloon than the salon, he sidesteps the hackneyed coteries—the adoring satellite world around Gertrude Stein, the Academe of Brooks and Blackmur. His first call is the bar where they still remember Runyon. E. BEDWELL

TREGENNA CASTLE HOTEL

TREGENNA CASTLE
HOTEL
ST. IVES · CORNWALL

One of the most celebrated hotels in the West of England. Open all the year round

•

Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager

When the Tourist flights start in April there will be free refreshments and duty-free wines on these Air France Tourist services. And the fares—£10 to Paris and back, about £25 to Nice, £39 to Majorca. Even our Travel Agents say they're a gift.

AIR FRANCE
HAYMARKET, S.W.1

SPAIN: Costa Brava, Sitges
If you're lazy, informal and ready to risk meeting foreigners when abroad—you'll enjoy our small mixed parties, escorted but unherded. Send your vac. dates to
SPAIN TRAVEL, 19, Woburn Sq., W.C.1. Mus. 5395

Presenting a socialist guest house whose motto is "Square Deal & Cordiality"
The Continental
10, Albany Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea (Hastings)

Hand Built RADIOGRAMOPHONE Equipment
INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED FOR THOSE WHO SEEK PERFECTION AT A REASONABLE COST
EXISTING INSTRUMENTS REBUILT TO MODERN HIGH FIDELITY STANDARDS
UNIVERSAL ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS
34, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1
WELbeck 4051

CHESS: Mutiny Against a Draw

No. 182

For those of us who do not sit in the glass house of Master Chess—and, after all, we *are* the vast majority—it seems easy enough to throw stones at masters agreeing on an all too quickly and obviously "negotiated" draw and to forget that even chess masters, being human may crave an "easy day" in between two gruelling sessions. Still when we are out to see blood we do not like to see the struggle abandoned just when it seems to be getting most interesting; we have a right to be disappointed and even to say so. On one occasion during the recent USSR Championship thousands of onlookers did say it, and so vociferously that the scene was described as "almost a mutiny"—an event all the more remarkable when considering how uncommonly well-behaved these audiences are reputed to be when crowding Moscow's equivalent of the Albert Hall to watch a game of chess. I had better say at once that the story had a happy ending; the mutiny did not have to be quelled. It dissolved to general *bonhomie* and sincere admiration and acclamation of the masters concerned; not, though, until they had vindicated their judgment by going to the huge wall-boards next door and explaining to the audience why indeed they were justified in agreeing on a draw after sixteen moves. It was the game Korchnoj-Boleslavsky, and the very fact that they were both among the leaders of the tournament added to the crowd's excitement no less than the sensation of young Korchnoj of Leningrad having such a glorious debut in the National Championship. (He finished ahead of Bronstein, Smyslov, Keres, to mention only grandmasters.) Moreover, those sixteen moves which nearly caused a mutiny, were not without some theoretical significance.

(1) P-K4	P-QB4	(5) Kt-QB3	P-Q3
(2) Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(6) B-KKt5	P-K3
(3) P-Q4	P x P	(7) Q-Q2	B-K2
(4) Kt x P	Kt-B3	(8) O-O-O	O-O

The more or less tempestuous Rauzer variation, in which it is a moot point whether, by a timely P-QR3, Black should avoid the attack on his QP, or whether he should sacrifice it for an attack.

(9) Kt(4)-Kt5	Q-R4	(11) Kt x QP	R-Q1
(10) B x Kt	B x B	(12) P-B4	P-K4

A tempting continuation (tried at Helsinki and found wanting) is (12) . . . B-K2. (13) P-K5, Kt x P. (14) P x Kt, R x Kt. (15) P x R, B-Kt4. (16) B-Kt5! Black does win the Q, but he will find it a Greek gift rather than a bargain.

(13) Q-Q5	Q-B2	(15) Kt(6)-Kt5	Q-R4
(14) P-B5	Kt-Q5	(16) Q-B4	B x P!!

A: Alekhine 1925

Most of these last moves are innovations, deeply analysed, and when after the thrilling offer of the Black B the draw was agreed the disappointment (and uproar) of the crowd is comprehensible. However, if the sacrifice is accepted Black's win (starting with QR-B1) is demonstrable in every variation. But Korchnoj proved that he could enforce the draw by (17) P-QKt4!, Q-R3, (18) Kt x Kt, Q x Q. (19) B x Q, P x Kt. (20) P x B, P x Kt. (21) R x R ch, R x R. (22) B-Q3 etc.

In this week's competition the 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White could force immediate resignation. **B** is a neat 3-mover which our problem-addicts may consider overrated with 6 points; but **C**—White to win—should be well worth 7 points.

B: W. Bochmann 1952

C: Z. Birnov 1947

Usual prizes. Entries by April 7.

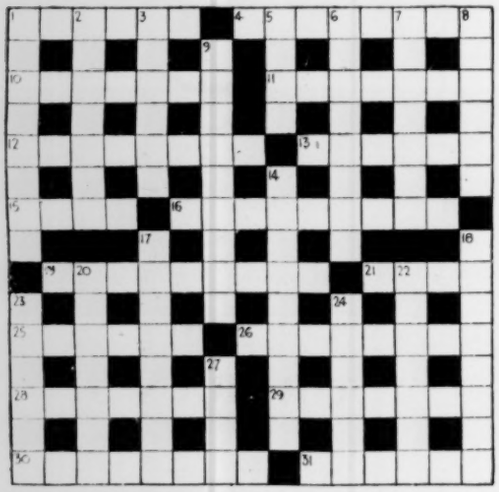
REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set March 7

A: (1) K-Kt7, R-Kt7 ch, (2) K-R6, R-QB7, (3) R-Kt1 ch, K-R6, (4) K-Kt6 (threat: R x P!), R-Kt7 ch, (5) K-R5, R-QB7 (6) R-Kt3 ch, K-R7, (7) R x P!, etc.
If (3) . . . K-Kt6, (4) K-Kt7, etc.
B: (1) Q x Kt ch, B x Q, (2) Kt x P mate.
C: (1) Kt-R6!, P-K7, (2) Kt-QB7 ch, K-B1, (3) Kt-K6 ch, K-Kt1, (4) Kt-KB7!, P queens, (5) Kt(7)-Kt5, and Black cannot win.
If (4) . . . K x Kt, (5) Kt-Kt5 ch, followed by Kt-B3.

Most competitors took the Black P on g2 for granted; but those who didn't got full ladder-marks. Many stumped by **C**. Prizes shared by J. C. Cock, R. C. Chaturvedi, E. S. Fisher, C. Sandberg. Equally correct: K. Beaumont, D. E. Cohen, A. Schneider. Londoners' 2nd: Kt-QB3. Non-Londoners' 3rd move due by April 1st. ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 41



ACROSS

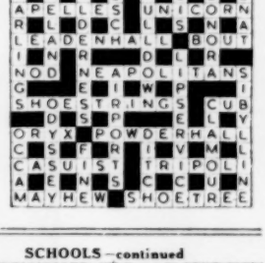
1. An adherent of religion pious in former times (6).
4. Scottish name for a final song (8).
10. Bath's rhapsody (7).
11. Poet's place in the next international (7).
12. Vessels from a scattered parish in a backward district (8).
13. Put robes on the Frenchman to make him a revolutionary (6).
15. Hardy diamond merchant (4)
16. Like the Thames at Bablockhythe (9).
19. Fabrication used to repair buildings? (9).
21. A friendly pirate (4).
25. Marble walk (6).
26. A man from Excelsior (8).
28. Striking wealth in a Chinese dynasty (7).
29. See mine are confounded (7).
30. Weekly audience (8).
31. The signal brings something into the line (6).

DOWN

1. Choose a town club (8).
2. Take a picture with the sunlight on the left? (7).
3. Faint appearance of the Aurora Australis? (6).
5. Creator of Madame Chrysanthemum after 13 (4).
6. They mark time, but never go slow (8).
7. The name for inane wandering about the city (7).
8. Athletic policeman (6).
9. Mark below the jaws made by an eating implement (9).
14. Upsets the gratuity and enacts changes in small allowances (9).
17. Queen's town (8).
18. Perseveres like tipsters (8).
20. Furs of heraldry (7).
22. Crowding to show enthusiasm for a star (7).
23. Light up and put the tax return inside—how original! (6).
24. Source of gold for a writer (6).
27. Knight without impudence (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 40



TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

DUPLICATING, typing, express service, office staff supplied. Southern Secretarial Agency, 69 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. ABB. 1511/2.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. TEM. 5588 and TRE. 8640.

YOUR secretarial problems solved at once by Dryden Office Service, 15 Tavistock St., Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 7237. Typing, duplicating, translations, staff.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

DUPLICATING done rapidly and well. Conference Proceedings ready next morning. Collection/delivery serv. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 2 Broad St. Pl., E.C.2, & 38 Parliament St., S.W.1. LON. 5397/WHI. 0606.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting. Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS., etc., copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days' service for MSS. of any length by arrangement. 24-hr. Duplicating service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAI. 7479.

HAZEL Porteous will type your Thesis, Novel, Play or Technical MS. Efficient personal serv., highly recom. by prominent writers. 79 Hamilton Rd., Felixstowe, Suffolk.

TYPING, etc.—continued

A FIRST-Class Duplicating/Typing/Secretarial service. Mabel Eyles, 395 Hornsey Road, N.19. ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

SECRETARIAL Aunts for all types of Secretarial Services, shorthand typists, etc. Literary and commercial typing, duplicating, etc. Four-day service for any length MS. Special rates for students and societies. 501/2 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. Whitehall 6411/2.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations, Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

MISCELLANEOUS

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

HIKERS! "Two's company!" Secure your lovely, faithful "pal" dog & indispensable Easter mascot. Delightful Cumberland Sheepdog, Border-collie, Flat-coated Retriever (life-saving strain; grand ratters), spaniel pups. Trnd., unresvdly. recom. 30s. to 1st-class homes. Quarrilodge, Headsnook, Carlisle.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

TICKING. Featherproof and waxed, superb material, Striped, 56in. wide, only 7s. 6d. yard. Plain, 38in. wide, only 4s. 6d. yard. Post 1s. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 81), 1 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.16.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fiertag, 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

ENVELOPES. 1,000 6 × 3½ 13s. Dupl. paper, rm. qto., 10s. 6d. Other bargains; send for price list. L. Warson, 7 Newton Av., N.10.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. K.G. 15gns., Junior and Senior Schools 18gns. The School has a small group of weekly boarders and there are 2/3 vacancies at present. Boarding charge 25gns. p. term in addition to tuition fees.

THE New School, Kings Langley, Herts. Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 6 to 18. The well-balanced and comprehensive method of education, based on Rudolf Steiner's principles, avoids early specialisation and aims at unfolding the individual faculties and gifts of the child while developing truly social impulses. Preparation for School Leaving Examinations. Moderate fees. Prospectus on request.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

SCHOOLS—continued

THE Moorland School, Clitheroe, Lancs. A happy purposeful community of a dozen adults and 50 children aged from 4-13. Recog. by Min. of Educ. Fees £140 to £165 p.a.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss B. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Chambers's Encyclopædia. latest edition, £40; Encyclopædia Britannica, 1953, Blue Levantex, still boxed straight from London printers, cost £84, accept £62 or offer; Persian Carpet, 11ft. × 6ft., £36; Karabugh rug, 7ft. 10in. × 4ft. 6in., £17; Kurdish Kelim, 9ft. × 5ft., £14; Saraband runner, 10ft. × 3ft. 10in., £18; also six other Eastern rugs and runners, similar prices—all fine quality and condition—Wimbledon area; Imperial Portable Typewriter, £15; Verbatim Report Nuremberg Trial, 22 Vols., offers?

WANTED: Handbook Marxism; Masaryk, Spirit Russia; "Scrutiny," Vol. I, No. 1; Italian Linguaphone, complete set records and books.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

WHERE TO STAY

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gardens, Putting Green, Garages. Superlative food. 6*gns*., 7-8*gns*. June onwards, 8-9*gns*. August.

SHERINGHAM. Country house hotel with swimming pool and hard tennis court, has adjacent attractions of excellent golf, sea bathing and picturesque countryside. Brochure on application to Mrs. Brian Smith, Uplands, Sheringham, Norfolk.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, near East Grinstead. If you're taking your holiday later, have a few days' break now. Enjoy fresh air, excellent cooking. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

DEVON & Cornwall. Ideal early holidays. Comf. Guest Hses. From £5 5s. wk. inc. Brochure 18 free: Bishop, Fairfield, Dawlish.

DINARD, Brittany, near plage and casino. Comfortable housekeeping flats. Short or long holidays. Very moderate. Mme. Giraud, 5 Impasse Cadéras.

NORTH Devon, overlooking Atlantic. Do you want a quiet, restful holiday in a scene of bewitching beauty? Good food, courteous attention, elec. light. Mod. terms. Grosvenor Guest House, Stoke, Hartland. Mr. & Mrs. W. Stewart, proprs. Tel.: Hartland 225.

WOOLACOMBE, Devon. Sunnyside Hotel. Overlkg. sands; farm produce, every comf. Ideal early hols. Broch., proprs.

BORROWDALE, Keswick, Leathes Cottage. Comfortable guest house. H. & C. all bedrooms. Central heating. On bus route. Centre for the high hills, near Derwentwater.

IRELAND—Country hotel in lovely Connemara. Modern sanitation. H.C. in bedrooms. Abundant well cooked meals. Private bathing beach. Boating, fishing, motor trips arranged. Brochure on request. Dooneen House, Letterfrack, Connemara, Galway.

CHARMOUTH House, Charmouth, Dorset. A small hotel for people of discernment. Reduced terms for long bkgs. until May & after Sept. Summer bkgs. from Thursdays.

SOUTHERN France, near Pyrenees: simple, friendly accom. 2/3 pers.; gd. excursion centre; garden; inside sanitation. Full bd. 900/1,000 francs per day. Write Mme. Bielschowsky, Bocil-Bezing, près Pau, France (B.P.)

BUCKS. Small, comf. Guest House in lovely country. Good food, own produce. London 20 miles. 2 Jordans Way, Jordans, nr. Beaconsfield. Jordans 2155.

EDINBURGH, West End. Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. CEN. 4871.

SKYE. Dunollie Hotel, Broadford. Completely modernised—opens May. Send for brochure: Hilditch. Broadford 253.

PARIS. Spend Easter at Hotel de Bordeaux.* Latin Quarter. 350-600 frs. ntly. H.C. bath, Billiards. Recently modernised. English spoken. 28 rue de la Montagne Ste. Geneviève, Paris V. Metro. Maubert Mutualité.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Commdr. H. G. Selby.

EDINBURGH: Comf. accom., bed & bfst., recommended. Telephone 46063. Mrs. Lees, 17 Hatton Place, Edinburgh.

THAMES. Croft House, Burcot, nr. Abingdon. Oxford 8 miles. Forget the long winter in a Spring holiday here. Boating, Hard Tennis Court, Billiards, Putting. A.A., R.A.C. Tel. Clifton Hampden 232.

THE Hallams, Nr. Shamley Green, Guildford. For Conferences, Summer Schools, week-end groups as well as for the individual or family. Excellent catering. In superb scenery yet easy from London. Write for illustrated booklet.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Spring is the time to enjoy the country. Low terms Apl./June. Good food. Comfort. One visit and you will come again. Te Whare Hotel, Horam (Eastbourne Line). Tel. Horam Rd. 32.

DARTMOOR, within easy reach of coast, Walking, fishing, golf, riding and tennis available. Lovely garden, good food, home produce. Coombe Cross Hotel, Bovey Tracey.

SEA Palling, Norfolk. Restful hols., bracing air, extensive sands; gd. food (vegn. optl.), nr. Broads. Woodbine Guest Hse.

CÔTE D'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. Restaurant with 1st class French cuisine. All modern comforts. Own cabin cruiser and car. Illus. brochure—Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

HOVE. For happy comfortable holidays. 4 mins. sea & lawns. H. & C. Excellent food. Terms from 5*gns*. 18 Rutland Gardens. Tel: Hove 39.389.

INNSBRUCK, Tyrol. B. & B. 8*s*. 6*d*. English spoken. Mrs. Emmi Kratochwil, 3 Pembaurstrasse, Innsbruck.

FARM Holidays: 1953 Guide describing "Britain's Best Farm Houses." Pages of pictures. 2*s*. 8*d*. post free. Farm Guide, Dept. NSN, 49 Broomlands, Paisley.

BOURNEMOUTH. Guest Hse. nr. sea/shops/buses. Basins, gas fires. Mod. terms. "Mariners," Clifton Rd., Southbourne. Tel. 43961.

ACHILL Island: Mountain View Hotel, Dugort, Co. Mayo, Eire. Situated 'midst mountains and sea—safe bathing—good catering—'bus passes door. Terms £6.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

SNOWDONIA. Sygun Fawr Hospice, Nr. Beddgelert. Private centre for walkers, climbers & families. Finely situated. Good food, hot baths, £4 17*s*. 6*d*. wk. incl. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

WHITE Cross Hotel, Wallingford (Oxford 14, Henley 11, London 45). Comfort assured. Catering varied and abundant. The Country House for a perfect holiday. Fishing, sailing, tennis. A.A. approved. Tel. 3155. Brochure.

UNSPOILT Essex. Manor House Hotel, 20 acres gardens and grounds. Fully licensed. Squash, tennis, swimming, billiards, T.V. Golf near. London buses pass. Children welcome. Terms from 6½*gns*. weekly. Apply Little Bardfield Hall, Nr. Braintree, Gt. Bardfield 241. London Agent: MAI. 2118.

TINTAGEL, Cornwall, Trethevy Hotel. Sea Views, Comfort (h. & c.), Home Chge. Reduced terms Apr. May. Brochure.

BUCKS. Enjoy a delightful holiday in the lovely Chiltern Hills, just 1 hour from London. Stay at "The Tapping House" Private Hotel, Great Missenden, a charming and thoroughly comfortable XVIIth-century house. All bedrooms h. & c. and centrally heated: excellent food. Tel. 516.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Lovely garden & beautiful scenery. Remarkably sheltered. Land of King Arthur. Log fires. Jersey milk and cream. Open all the year. Golf St. Enodoc. Salmon, trout in season. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Port Quin, Lundy Bay, Port Gaverne. Television for Coronation. Excel. cuisine & all personal comforts guaranteed. Book now. Adults from 9*gns*. Manageress, Mrs. Accles. Port Isaac 234.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position, ideal for Winter and Spring Holidays. Rye 2216.

"FINEST Spring Climate . . ." Write now for Town/N informative brochures for May vacancies (fully booked till then). 5/6½ gns., incl. "extras" (gratuities, early tea, heated bedroom). Meat or Vegetarian. Twin beds; Slumberlands. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Rec. by readers, also members Toc H, W.V.S., Rotary. Also booking for summer 6/8 gns.; opposite boating, fishing, own beach tent.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H.C. Ample fare, varied, well-cooked, well-served. Own produce. Garage/parking. 5-7*gns*. No extras. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Phone 2621.

PARIS, payable sterling, double bedroom in small hotel St. Germain, 14*gns* monthly total, excluding baths. Mrs. Siepman, 10 rue de Lille, Paris 7.

NATURIST Sun-bathing Holidays. Sunny Devon at Britain's Best Sun Club. Nice house, mod. cons., splendid grounds, camp sites, games. Full facilities nudist sun and air bathing. Write (encl. 1*s*.) for brochure, Secretary (C), N. Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devon.

CONNEMARA, Eire—Seaside farmhouse accommodation, recommended, 5*gns*. weekly. Mrs. Nee, Renvyle, Co. Galway.

SPRINGTIME in unspoilt rural Essex (27 mls. London). "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers restful holidays with good food, sunny rooms, mod. cons., large garden.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing. 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

CO. GALWAY, Clifden, Rock Glen Hotel. A.A., R.I.A.C., I.T.B. Country hse. touring centre for 12 Bens of Connemara. Broch.

MODERNISED Normandy farmhouse (1 hr. Paris) Mod. terms, homely, excell. cuisine. Write now: Lebel, Garennes, Eure.

CORNWALL, Castle Rock Hotel (AA-RAC), Port Isaac for Position, Food, Comf., Enjoyment. Reduced tms. Easter/July 6-7½*gns*. High season 8-8½*gns*. Broch. Tel. 219.

N. CORNWALL Coast. Cottage Guest Hse. Sands 5 mins. H. & C. No extras. Clifton Cottage, Treknow, Tintagel. Tel. 72.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House in loveliest beauty spot, sea and country, on S. Coast. 3 minutes sandy beach; H. & C.; Continental cooking; children welcomed. Golding, 52 Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

SWITZERLAND—Book now for spring and summer in 3,370 ft. high Guest House on one of the finest spots of the world. Comfort, exc. cuisine, pers. attention. Daily: Fr. 15-16.50 all incl. Write brochure: Hotel-Pension Le Cerisier—Caux s/Montreux.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses —the Bide-a-While Book. 3*s*. 6*d*., postage 2*d*. from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

COSSINGTON Guest House, nr. Bridgwater, Somerset. Excel. food & bedding. Easy access sea, golf, fishing. Max. 5½*gns*.

DO you seek a stay in attractive cottage with garden, beautiful walks & Continental food? You find it 40 miles from London at 6*gns*. a week. Sunset Cottage, Hindhead. Telephone: 548.

LAKES Charm. old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel. Ambleside 2334.

This is indeed an odd newspaper

TO LOOK AT, the Manchester Guardian may seem old-fashioned. No concessions are made to the mass reader or the vulgar mind. You will search in vain for the tidbit, the juicy item, the Society scandal, the daily big-type bombshell.

What do you find instead? You find the old craft of good reporting and good writing. And that is curiously satisfying. You find yourself meeting minds which are clear, honest, cultured—and not self-conscious about these dying virtues. You find news, leaders, articles, comments, which you can trust.

You are not being bludgeoned into reading the Manchester Guardian. This fine newspaper is not for the millions. It is for the few—but not so few!—who do not ask either for the pompous or the sensational.

If you have any difficulty in getting your Manchester Guardian regularly, please write to: The Manchester Guardian, Manchester.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

VICTORIA University College, Wellington, New Zealand. The Victoria University College Council proposes shortly to appoint a Professor of Modern Languages and now invites applications from suitably qualified persons. The Professor will be expected to undertake teaching primarily in the French language and literature. The salary will be at the rate of £1,500 p.a. rising to £1,700 p.a. by annual increments of £100. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Duties to commence February 1, 1954, or as soon thereafter as agreed upon by the Council. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in London and New Zealand, is June 1, 1953.

THE University of Leeds. Department of English Literature. The Council invites applications for an Assistant Lectureship in the Department of English Literature at a salary on the scale £500-£25-£550. Applications (three copies) stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than April 20, 1953.

LONDON County Council. Deputy Curator required for Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Road, London. Appreciation of antiques, knowledge of contemporary educational trends and interest in cultural work in a London borough desired. Art or craft ability an advantage. Salary £630-£778 (appt. above minimum exceptionally). Application forms, with full details, from Education Officer (EO Estab. 2/S.), County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by April 24. (275)

SURREY County Council Education Committee. Instructress in Rural Domestic Economy. Applications are invited from women of suitable qualifications and experience for permanent appointment to the above post. Duties will include giving advice, talks and demonstrations to women's and adult organisations in the County. Qualifications in Domestic Science (especially cookery) are essential. Salary will be on salary scale £363-£15-£378 p.a. plus special responsibility allowance of £100 p.a. Forms of application and conditions of service may be obtained on receipt of a stamped (2½*d.*) addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey, and should be returned to reach him not later than Tuesday, April 7, 1953.

HEAD (preferably Teacher) required for Sunshine Home residential Nursery School for 20 blind children, St. Mary's Bay, New Romney, Kent. Appointment to date from August 17, 1953. Salary Burnham Scale or appropriate scale, with free board-residence. Further particulars and application form from Secretary-General, National Institute for the Blind, 224-6-8 Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

LONDON, N.W.11. Independent, recognized, progressive, co-educational day school has vacancy in September, 1953, for woman, under 27, to take 4-year-old group. Froebel or Nursery training with music essential. Burnham (London) scale. Also, Nursery School stud. helper wanted May. Box 7706.

TUBERCULOSIS. Applications invited from persons possessing Cert. of Institute of Hospital Almoners or Social Science Cert. of recognised school of sociology and who have practical experience in social work for appointment in London County Council's Public Health Department as local tuberculosis care organiser at the Lewisham Chest Clinic. Duties: to carry out social and secretarial work for local tuberculosis committee. Salary £480 by £30 to £600. Particulars on appl. form from the Divisional Medical Officer, L.C.C. Health Offices, 29 Peckham Road, S.E.5, returnable by April 18. (235)

CITY of Birmingham. Applications are invited from persons holding a Diploma or Certificate of a University in Social Science or Mental Health for appointment as After-Care Visitor. The duties comprise the visitation in their homes of mentally handicapped adults and children who have attended the Committee's schools for educationally sub-normal children. Salary £465 × £15 - £540 per annum. Applications may be considered from persons without the above qualifications in whose case salary will be £420-£495 per annum. Application forms from the undersigned (Special Schools), E. L. Russell, Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Birmingham, 3.

ASSISTANT Occupational Therapist (Female) required. Candidates should possess a recognised qualification. National Whitley Council Salary Scale. Established, pensionable, subject to medical examination. Applications, giving full details of age, experience, etc., with names of three referees, to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1953, but an earlier closing date may be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Interviews will generally be held shortly after the receipt of the completed application form and successful candidates may expect early appointments. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1953; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1953. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have obtained, or be taking examinations during 1953 with a view to obtaining, the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or the General Certificate of Education in appropriate subjects, or the Higher National Certificate or other specified qualifications. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Candidates over 22 will generally be expected to have higher qualifications. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer £628-£786 (men); £533-£655 (women). Assistant Experimental Officers £274-£586 (men); £274-£490 (women). Starting pay according to age up to 26. At 18, £274; at 26, £495 (men), £467 (women). Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars and application forms from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/53. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

ADMINISTRATIVE Vacancies — London County Council. Two examinations will be held in 1953 for appointments to Major Establishment. 1. Open Competitive—commences May 11. For school-leavers of "advanced standard" born on or between February 2, 1935, and February 1, 1936. Closing date, April 9 (leaflet OC1). 2. Special Competitive, July 20 and 21. For persons born on or between August 2, 1928, and February 1, 1934, who hold Higher School Certificate; or General Certificate of Education with passes in four subjects, including English language and mathematics, two of the passes being at advanced level. Graduates (and undergraduates) given age allowance (maximum 1 year) for Forces service. Ex-regulars with qualifications mentioned given age allowance. Small "weighting" of marks given for recent Forces service, some reservation of vacancies for ex-National Servicemen. Closing date, June 15 (leaflet SC1). Commencing salaries according to age between £288 at 18 and £450 at 24. Scale rises to £660. Good conditions and leave, prospects of promotion. Apply to Director of Establishments (A.1), County Hall, S.E.1, for detailed leaflet (with application form) required. (213)

CO-OPERATIVE Union, Limited. The Co-operative Party invites applications for the post of National Organiser (two vacancies). Applicants (men or women) must be below the age of 50 and have an intimate knowledge of the Co-operative Movement and the organisation of the Co-operative Party. Salary £960 per year rising by increments to £700. Forms of application may be obtained from Mr. J. Bailey, The Co-operative Party, 56 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. Closing date for return of application forms April 9.

COUNTY Borough of Croydon. Nursery Matron. Applications are invited from S.R.N. or R.S.C.N. for this post at a residential nursery for 24 children under 3 years of age. Salary £425 × £15 to £560 per annum, less £145 per annum for board and lodging. The appointment is pensionable and subject to medical examination. Applicants must have a genuine understanding of the needs of small children, and experience in residential work is desirable. Application (on forms from the Children's Officer, 3 Fell Road, Croydon) must be submitted by return of post. E. Taberner, Town Clerk.

THE Birmingham Settlement requires a Girl's Club Leader for May or September, to take charge of Junior Girls and share responsibility for Mixed Youth Club and Play-Centre. Salary according to experience. Apply The Warden, Birmingham Settlement, 318 Summer Lane, Birmingham, 19.

ORGANISER (married woman) living in London wanted for social work, generally two days a week, London and Home Counties; some evening work. Age, education and experience, marked "A.O.," to Family Planning Assoc., 64 Sloane St., London, S.W.1.

THE National Baby Welfare Council requires a General Secretary. Qualifications and experience in Social Science an advantage. Salary £500. Applications, giving full particulars and the names of two referees, to be sent to the Chairman, 31 Gloucester Place, W.1, by April 6, 1953.

RESIDENT Secretary for Children's Home. Good Shorthand and Typing. Country-lover essential. Pleasant personality. Apply with copies of references to Markus, Hapstead, Buckfastleigh, S. Devon.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Talks Producer to formulate ideas for and produce talks features, discussions and talks for rebroadcasting in North America. Sound academic background and general knowledge, particular knowledge of contemporary economic and political developments, appreciation of style of spoken and written word, imagination, tact and sympathetic interest in all kinds of people are essential. First hand knowledge of U.S.A. and Canada and of their people and affairs and experience of writing would be an advantage. Salary £795 or £590 with five annual increments to maximum £1,065 or £800. The lower grade would be appropriate for a candidate without all the required qualifications. Higher starting salaries are possible in either grade according to qualifications. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, W.1, marked "Talks, North American, N.Sm.," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped add. env.

B.B.C. requires two Sound Broadcasting Schools Programme Assistants. Duties: planning, preparing and producing educational music programmes, including talks, for children of various ages. Essential qualifications: sound knowledge and judgment of musical standards and taste, and interest in educational aspects of broadcasting. Experience of teaching music and university degree (not necessarily in Music) or equivalent qualification desirable. Salary £795 rising by five annual increments to £1,065 maximum; if qualifications exceptional appointment to one post may be at £1,000, rising by five annual increments to £1,330 maximum per annum. Write to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, for further particulars and application forms, marking letter "S.B.P.A., N. Stm.," and enclosing stamped addressed envelope. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer within 14 days of this advertisement.

BRISTOL Council of Social Service (in association with the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust). A five-year social project in a Bristol neighbourhood calls for the appointment of a Director, man or woman, interested in experimental work. Duties will include selection of appropriate area, initiation, encouragement and development of constructive social action by residents and by statutory and voluntary welfare bodies, together with the observation, interpretation and recording of results. Experience of practical group and community work and of field sociology and the ability to direct operations of a small research team and to co-operate harmoniously with individuals and organisations are essential. The appointment requires abilities of about the standard expected for a senior research post in a university department of Social Studies. Starting salary not less than £1,250 with annual increments, F.S.S.U. or other appropriate pension. Duties to begin not later than October 1, 1953. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Social Project Committee, 4 Berkeley Square, Bristol, 8, to whom four copies of the application together with names and addresses of three referees should be sent not later than April 14, 1953.

URGENTLY required—vigorous young man to help in club for school children on two or three evenings weekly, 6 to 8 p.m., in Battersea. Experience not necessary, but personality and energy most essential. Apply in writing to the Secretary, Combined Committees, 20, Gordon Square, W.C.1.

ST. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Psychologist (part-time) required (4 sessions weekly). National Health Service Whitley Council rates and conditions. Applications giving full details of age, qualifications, experience and names and addresses of three referees to Physician Superintendent. The successful candidate may be required to pass a medical examination.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Children's Reception Hostel, Kirby Muxloe, Nr. Leicester. A resident Chief Assistant and a resident Supervisor are required at this newly opened Hostel which is organised on modern and progressive lines and offers scope to women interested in pioneer work with deprived children. It is desirable that applicants should have attended a Course in Child Care or Household Management. Single, comfortably furnished bed-sitting-rooms will be available for the successful applicants. The salary scale will be: Chief Assistant: £230 × £10 to £280 plus a Responsibility Allowance of £50 per annum. Supervisor: £230 × £10 to £280 per annum. A deduction of £78 per annum will be made in both cases for board and lodging. Application forms and further information may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester, to whom they should be returned by April 11, 1953. Kenneth Goodacre, Town Clerk.

COOK-HOUSEKEEPER (resident), interested in social work, required end of April. Small resident staff. Salary according to experience. Apply Family Service Unit, 318 Summer Lane, Birmingham, 19.

BIRMINGHAM. Fircroft Residential College for Men. Applications invited for the post of Matron/Housekeeper, with full responsibility for catering and domestic staff in College for 40 students. Salary £250-£300, according to qualifications, plus board residence, together with superannuation. Annual holidays—6 weeks. Applications, with names of 2 referees, to Warden, Fircroft College, Bournville, Birmingham, 30.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COLDEAST & Tatchbury Mount Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited for the appointment of an additional Social Worker, male or female, for duties in connection with mental defectives at Tatchbury Mount Hospital, Totton, Southampton. Candidates should have experience of high-grade mental defectives, and preference will be given to persons holding a Diploma in Social Science; but consideration will be given to persons not possessing the diploma. It is essential that applicants should be experienced motorists, and owning a car, a mileage allowance being payable in accordance with the official scale. For a person with a Diploma in Social Science, the salary is £410 by £15 to £515 per annum. Without the Diploma, £400 per annum. Board and residence at the hospital could be provided, if required, at a reasonable charge. Immediate written applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, to the Physician Superintendent, Coldeast Hospital, Sarisbury Green, Southampton; or to W. Montagu Worlock, Sec., Group No. 48, Tatchbury Mount Hospital, Totton, Southampton.

COUNTY Borough of Croydon. Children's Department. Qualified Nursery Nurse required at the Malatia Nursery, 78 St. Augustine's Avenue, South Croydon (for 24 children under 2½ years). Salary Scale for 20 years and over, £347 10*s.* by increments of £12 10*s.* to £460 per annum, less £135 for board and lodging. The appointment is pensionable and subject to medical examination. Applic. (on forms from Children's Officer, 3 Fell Road, Croydon) must be submitted by return of post. E. Taberner, Town Clerk.

ESSEX Association for the Welfare of the Physically Handicapped invite applications from Social Workers (women). Duties include visiting and reporting on disabled. Knowledge of typewriting and office work essential. Interest in handicrafts desirable. Salary £350 to £400. Applications in writing to Sec., 54 New Street, Chelmsford, Essex.

NURSE (Resident), either State Enrolled or State Registered, to assist Matron, required for a Jewish Aged Home in Epsom, accommodating 31 old people. Suitable retired nurse. Apply, stating qualifications, to Principal Welfare Officer, Welfare of the Aged Department, Jewish Board of Guardians, 127 Middlesex Street, London, E.1.

CULTURED lady secretary wanted for School in Scotland about end of July. Congenial life and interesting job offered to a really efficient, alive, and hard-working person. Must like country life. Please send full particulars and state salary required. Applications treated confidentially. Box 7749.

SECRETARY required for residential Adult Education College for Women, in South London. Age 26-38; Degree or University Diploma preferred, good secretarial training and experience. Interesting, worthwhile post, requiring initiative. Residence essential. Salary £400-£460 less £100 for residence. Apply Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey, 1.

IMPORTANT Group of Publishers and Booksellers are prepared to engage young women interested to work with books. Previous experience not essential. Congenial working conditions with canteen facilities. 5-day week, 14 days' holiday with pay. Starting salary for those accepted 5gns. per week. Excellent opportunity for those wishing to make books their career. Write at once to Box 7924.

EXPERIENCED shorthand-typist required by Managing Director of Public Company in the West End, hours 8.30 to 1 p.m. Write, giving full particulars and salary required, to Box 7947.

PROGRESSIVE posts are available for intelligent women with typewriting and/or shorthand. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1, and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2.

SHORTHAND typist, professional office, E.C.7. No Sats. Apply "Graydon Bureau," 233 Strand (opp. Law Courts). CEN. 0604.

SHORTHAND-typists for interesting temp. work by the hr./day/week. WHI. 5392.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

BRITISH, 40, bilingual French-English, accounts and audit experience, resident Paris, willing travel. Box 7651.

PRACTICAL yng. man sks. exp. in Home for Maladjusted Children. Box 7703.

YNG. woman, 30, Civil Serv., unwilling move from London area with Dept., sks. change of work, London area/abroad. Would partic. welc. opportunity transatlantic travel. Interests: world affairs, languages, music. Willing learn. Consider anything. Box 7563.

YNG. British lady, Czech. origin, well educ., personality, wide interests, adaptable, adm. office exper., sks. congenial post bkshop, &c. Offers/suggstns. welc. Box 7668.

SOLICITOR (38), cult. intsts., qual. 1938, priv. practice, Local Govt., 3 yrs. I/C. Legal Dept. large commercial firm abroad, sks. commercial or Trade Union post or prospects partnership, succession. Box 6850.

EXPD. Secretary Sh. Typist free occasional periods. ARC. 1765. Ex. 1.

YOUNG Nursery School Teacher, 1st class Froebel Certificate, seeks work in private Nursery School, Central or S.W. London. Salary Burnham scale. Free after Easter. S. Griffiths, 32 Combemartin Road, S.W.18.

PERSONAL

RETIRED nurse or suitably capable person reqd. live in with elderly lady (Jewish). Light duties Clapton area. Box 7382.

HOLIDAY exchange for Aug.-mid-Sept.: comfortable quiet flat in Geneva, sleep 3-4, offered in exchange for seaside accom. Use of cars also exch. if desired. Box 7644.

GERMAN Boy, 15, sks. cheap holiday or au pair in English family. Box 7654.

CONGENIAL person reqd. for light housework and be with children if ill or on holidays, whilst mother teaching. Plenty free time. Tel.: UPL. 5875 (evenings).

YNG. man, Hungarian refugee, 25, fluent French, German, some English & Italian, reqs. resident position in private house or hotel. Suggestions welcomed. Zakatos, Koblenz, Ehrenbreitstein, Obertal 30, Germany.

ENGLISH-speaking mother in Rome sks. help with children, no housework, own bed-sit. rm., half the day free, pocket money. Write Marsan, via Amiterno 3, Rome, Italy.

REQD. "au pair" student pref. foreign for lecturer's household. Box 7136.

PROVENCE. New flat fully equipped. 3 people. July-Sept. £16 sterl. monthly incl. Planel, Rue Ferry, Arles-sur-Rhône.

OXFORD Undergrad. B.Sc. (S.A.), (Maths., Phys.), typing, expd. tutor, lecturer, seeks vac. work. June 21 to Oct. 8. Box 7995.

GERMAN professional couple offers holiday accommodation English couple in return similar hospitality summer. Write Thoemes, Bonn, Rheinweg 3.

ARTIST sks. persons/group interested chamber music. 18 Denbigh Cl., W.11.

VIENNESE teacher (woman) 37, seeks hospitality June-September Southern England. Offers care of school-age children; coaching German/Latin. Ref. Box 7674.

GENTLEMAN driver, desires join motoring party Italy. May/June. Moderate expenses. Box 7701.

BACHELOR (British Jew) wd. apprec. suggestions wk.-end vacations. Box 7928.

TAKE your home to the Coronation—mobile houseboat for sale. Architect converted Thames Barge. Furn.—2 saloons, 3 cabins, bathroom, wired mains electricity, central heating, refrigerator, engine. Mooring available nr. London. £1,500 o.n.o. Box 7622.

TEXTILE Designers. Free-lance, contemporary textiles may be interested in Group having own representative. Box 7836.

CHILDREN'S Summer Holidays. Lady taking children (10-16 yrs.) to Italian Riviera would take few more. Entire charge. Swimming, languages, excursions. £35 incl. 'Phone NORth 4819 (evenings) or Box 6815.

SCHOOLGIRL, 15, Grammar Vth Form, industrious, intelligent, reliable, seeks residential post with family for Easter and Summer holidays. Clerical, library help, anything considered. Refs. exchanged. Box 5802.

MUSICIAN m. emig. Montreal April 17 sks. congen. companion (m.). Box 7888.

RIVIERA—Nice, central. Accommodation (no meals), cooking facilities. 63s. weekly. Write C. La Mont, 23 Rue de l'Hotel-des-Postes, 3rd Etage, Nice.

ABUNDANT wine and hot sunshine. Come out and stay with us on board comf. yacht in picturesque La Rochelle in the Bordeaux country. Cruising if wanted. May 9*gns.*, June 12*gns.*, July 15*gns.*, p.w. Box 7893.

FRENCH, German, eventually Russian, made easier with help of plentiful Continental-cooked food. Modern comforts. Old-fashioned Irish village. 6 guineas. Box 7139.

CORNWALL: Easter week-end 6*gns.* incl. transport. Week, 8*gns.* Box 8020.

ENGLISH writer wants Engl./French conversation w. French native. PAR. 6309.

CHILDREN over 9 yrs. Emergency, short/long stays. 15s. day. Epping 2513 evs.

GEORGE! Mary! New pupils. Jeannette's ballroom instruction best. CUN. 1782.

DO You Like Sun-Bathing? Why not make the most of the sunshine this year by joining the White House Country Club, in Surrey (45 min. Central London). Amid beautiful surroundings, the club provides perfect conditions for complete sun-bathing in five acres of grounds, with filtered swimming pool, two hard tennis courts, badminton, etc., and a large club house. Full catering at reasonable prices. Strictly members only. No vacancies for single men over 40. Full details write Box 7712.

ARE you living on your nerves? Avoid a breakdown and try Nerve Manipulation, a relaxing, invigorating and stimulating treatment of proved value. Ask for explanatory brochure. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Enquiries: Welbeck 9600.

INTERNATIONAL Socialist Youth Camp. Opatija Bay, Yugoslavia. July 26-August 8, £22. Other holidays at Socialist centres. Apply International Union of Socialist Youth, 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1. ABB. 6894.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, Nr. Bletchley (Tel. 127), will continue throughout Spring & Summer to welcome novices and others for any period from 1 week. Most Crafts, both simple & more advanced, catered for.

PERSONAL—continued

HAPPY Easter! Why not say it with a Book Token which your friends can exchange at any bookshop for just the books they want. Values 3*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.* 6*d.*, 12*s.* 6*d.* and 21*s.* (plus 4*d.* for the attractive card).

WESTERN Brittany for Inexpensive Holidays. Finistère is the country of beaches, golden sands, protected by impressive rocks, of picturesque fishing ports and unspoiled villages, of exquisitely carved calvaries, of charming local customs and costumes. The water is warm, the countryside green and pleasant, the food excellent. The hotels quote prices below the national average and offer particularly advantageous terms before and after the peak period. Illustrated folder and list of hotels from the Comité Départemental du Tourisme du Finistère, Quimper, or the French Government Tourist Office, 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

TRAVEL allowance now £40! Our arrangements to Austria, France, Italy, Yugoslavia, Switzerland, Scandinavia and Spain remain unchanged. You will have £15 extra spending money. Write or call for free booklet: Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

LIFT offd. (Morris 8). Munich or town en route, via Dover-Dunkerque. Apr. 28-29. Share small expenses. Box 7642.

TWO-four weeks' holiday in France on exchange of hospitality basis; 10*gns.* incl. return fare from London. Children & single young people. Dtls.: Robertson's E.T.S., 61 Fellows Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 1370.

CONTINENTAL Holidays. Not mass produced but individually arranged. Our brochure offers hundreds of European and Sterling Holidays from £17 for 10 days. Special: Two and Three Centre Tours; Spring in Paris, Channel Islands; Air and Coach Tours. Your holiday easily arranged by post. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., 1st Floor, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. WHItehall 4114/5.

CORSICA for an inexpensive "out of the ordinary" 14 days sunshine holiday at the Camp de l'Horizon in the beautiful Bay of Calvi by air and full board and accommodation for only £39 10*s.* Plan now. Write or phone for fully illustrated free brochure to (Dept. CS13), Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

8TH August. Air travel to or from Munich included in Austrian tours, also coach tours to Dolomites and Vienna. Other Saturdays beginning July 11, air travel to Basle, Swiss centres Wilderswill and Locarno. 14-15 nights hotel, all in, £29-£42. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

MAJORCA, Spain's island Paradise for a unique 14 day holiday at the Hotel Costa Brava at lovely Puerto de Soller by air on specially advantageous terms including full board £53 10*s.* Plan now. Write or 'phone for fully illustrated free brochure to (Dept. (MS13), Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

CLUB Mediterranee offers inexpensive seaside holidays at camp villages in:—Corfu (Greece) or Yugo-Slavia. 25 days, £43 10*s.*, 18 days, £38 10*s.* Piombino (Italy) or Elba, 23 days, £38. 16 days, £33. Undersea fishing and water ski-ing with instructors (equipment lent free). Sightseeing tours. Send for details to: Club Mediterranee, 66 Great Russell St. London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

SPAIN. Sitges, Tossa, 15 days unherded tho' escorted. Small mixed informal party. Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

YUGOSLAV Holidays from £27 10*s.* (15 days inc.) Also Israel, Africa and countries in Europe. Programme, send stamped addressed envelope to Holiday Friendship Service, 5 Goodwins Court, London, W.C.2.

CANAL Cruising holidays for fine scenery. Comfortable cruisers for 2 or 6 people. Houseboat with motorboat on a lovely lake. Canal Cruising Co. (N.), Stone, Staffs.

HOLIDAYS the "En Famille" Way in Austria, France, Germany, Scandinavia. . . . "To get the best out of travelling is to learn to understand new customs, new ways of living, new ways even of thinking." Spend your holidays abroad, then, in the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family. Illus. Brochure: E.F.A., 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

SPAIN, Costa Brava, Sitges, 15 days sun. Small mixed party unherded tho' escorted, interested in people and folklore. Send vac. dates Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

"THE Art of Seeing."—Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett at 19A Cavendish Sq., W.1 (Langham 3626).

NURSE Ollivier. Colds, Colonic Irrigation. Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

HOSPITALITY and care offered for convalescence or for the aged. Lovely house—lounge & garden. HAMpstead 2281.

THE Different Holiday. 12-day cruises on England's lovely Waterways. Brochure: Waterborne Tours, BCM/Canals (C), W.C.1.

EXPRESS Yourself in saleable writing. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N. 1 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 17 Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

SWISS Four Centre tour: Engelberg, Meiringen, Grindelwald, Murren—16 days £38. Engadine and Dolomites—16 days £41. Up the Rhine to Switzerland and Austria—17 days £46. Rome, Perugia, Florence, Verona, Venice—16 days £42. Florence, Pisa, Elba—16 days £42. Portugal—20 days £47. South Sweden—17 days £36. Luxembourg—10 days £18. Camping in Corsica—17 days £41. Mountaineering in Austria—16 days from £32. Austrian Walking Tours—16 days £29. Chamonix Two-Centre Tour—16 days £36. Andorra—16 days £42. Tours in Morocco and Tunisia. Many more like these can be found in our programme of unconventional holidays. Ramblers' Association Services, 48a Park Road, N.W.1. AMB. 2495.

HOLIDAYS in the French Countryside. The Jura mountains and the Franche-Comté, between Burgundy and the frontier of Switzerland, provide ideal holidays for those who prefer to avoid the beaten track. Fine woods; a profusion of clear-running streams, superb mountain views and walks; interesting towns and villages; excellent local food and wine, with a good choice of modest hotels. The increased allowances (£40 for adults, £20 for children under 12, £20 for a car) ensure extended holidays in this fascinating region. Apply for folder J9 (Franche-Comté), with classified hotel list, to the French Government Tourist Office, 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

AUSTRIAN Travel-Plan. Outstanding offers for Austria include: Moetz, 10 days, from £19 19*s.*; Rotholz, 10 days, from £21 18*s.* 6*d.*; Innsbruck, 10 days, from £22 6*s.* inclusive of rail and hotel costs. Ample spending money left from the allowance. 245 Regent St., W.1. Tel. GRO. 8921.

STUDENT Travel Summer 1953, the booklet giving details of N.U.S. tours to the Continent and charter flights to Bâle, Barcelona, Copenhagen, Nice, Oslo and Paris, is now available from the National Union of Students, Travel Department, 3 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1. EUSton 2184.

SEE Yugoslavia. . . . New Country for British Tourists. Bled, £34 15*s.*, Opatija £36 15*s.*, Rab £38 15*s.* Coach & Boat Tour, Slovenia, Croatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina and the Dalmatian Coast, £47 10*s.* Coach Tour, Bled-Zagreb-Belgrade, Sarajevo-Mostar-Dubrovnik-Split-Opatija, 5l*gns.*, and many other attractive tours. Free Holidays granted to Party Organisers (16 or more Tourists). Send now for Free Illustrated Brochure. See Yugoslavia, Ltd. Dept. N.S., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. MUSeum 9351/2.

FOREST School Camps. Adventurous holidays in August for boys 6½ to 18. Expeditions & hikes. Trained staff. Apply A. Cobb, 19 High St., Trumpington, Cambridge.

COLONIAL graduate and English gentleman in partnership (Limited Company) seek financial help; repay with interest at end of 12 months. References supplied. Box 7409.

CONCERT Pianist, trained in Godowsky school, takes pupils all stages. VIC. 0820.

COTSWOLD Cider. Any person who purchased or enquired about this cider should communicate without delay with John Lane, Ltd., 28 Little Russell St., London, W.C.1.

AU Pair: We arrange 3-9 months' stay Switzerland, France, Belgium for young educated girls willing help with children, easy housework; pocket money. Same applies to foreign girls wishing to stay with English families. Enc. s.a.e. Educational Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

SWISS, French, Spanish Mother's Helps available, excel. refs. E.S. Home & Overseas Emp. Serv., 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel.: HOL. 8193).

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist. 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½*d.* stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

CHARACTER, personality, aptitudes, etc., expertly delineated from Handwriting. For particulars please write Box 7713.

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9. "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

TRA. 2002: Baxter's hire menswear, f. weddings/formal functns. 13 Panton St. S.W.1.

WANTED—stories and articles for American journals. Donald Craig, Holycross, Thurles, Co. Tipperary.

GUITAR tuition, Segovia style. Beginners' Courses, regardless of age. Free Folder: Len Williams, Spanish Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

HALL, Leic. Sq., with lic. food counter. Meetings, socials, 1½*gns.* evg. Stage avible. for try-outs of plays, etc. WHI. 3678.

PERSONAL—continued

BAKER St. School of Dancing (92). Priv. lessns/classes Ballrm. dancing. WEL. 4841.

P.S. Well, now you may spend an extra £15 abroad, but can you?

P.P.S. Harold Ingham's plans allow 3-week holidays within the old £25 allowance—why not join one of his parties and keep the extra £15 in reserve? Write to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

SERVICE rooms. Chelsea. Fully furnished, cen. htg., C.h.w., (full breakfast & dinner inc. from 9*gns.* per week. FLA. 7755.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. 3 minutes from Earls Court Stn. H. & c., gas fires all rms. 15*s.* 6*d.* bed. & bkfast. Under pers. supervsn.

DIVAN-room prof. woman's flat, Wimbledon. Use study, kitchen, bath, garden, 'phone. £3 3*s.* incl. all but meals. Box 7949.

EASTER in London. Old-St.-Pancras scholar's room, good-sized, simple, view on garden, use 'phone & bath-kitchen; friendly cat to feed; for 2 or 3 weeks from about April 1 (or sooner); 25*s.* weekly. Ring 8-10 a.m. TERminus 5195.

BEAUTIFUL dble. & s. rms. all conv. for business people, close Kilburn Tube Stn. 10 Mowbray Road, N.W.6. WIL. 3392.

BED-sit., breakfast, other facils. free now, good situation transport. Another ditto free soon. Ring SPE. 8508.

LARGE well-furnished bed-sitting room, c.h.w. Cooking facilities. Suit professional woman. GLA. 5141.

ATTRACTIVE bed-sitting room, off Maida Vale, for prof. lady. Use kitchen, etc. Moderate. MAIda Vale 5488.

TO let, single & double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

CHARMING flatlet. Large sunny sitting-rm., 2 divans. Kit./dining-rm., bathrm.; own meter. Quiet house close bus stop. GLA. 5035 bef. 10.30 a.m. or aft. 6.30 p.m.

LANDLADY, 35, single, offers flat (Finsbury Park) to lady during summer holidays; or perhaps permanent reasonable bed-sitter available for suitable person who would keep an eye on wear & tear. Box 7793.

PLEASANT bed-sitting room newly decorated hse., between Swiss Cottage & Abbey Rd. Bookshelves & concealed basins. Gentleman only. £2 12*s.* 6*d.* MAI. 2962 or 2496.

BRONDESBURY Park. Comfortable sunny single room, all conv. 45*s.* WIL. 1644.

HAMPSTEAD. Attractive large single, sunny, comf., all conv. PRI. 1562 evgs.

UNFURNISHED flat exchange. Well-appntd., 2 bed., large living room, garage, best part old Hampstead adj. Heath, rent £280 incl., for smaller, cheaper flat same or similar area. Box 7889.

SEAFORD—Easter onwards. Charming double bed-sitting, kitchen, W.C. Use bathroom, short lets. 4*gns.* p.w. Box 7312.

TO let long or short periods, furnished bungalow, Yorkshire Dales. Sleep 4. Bath, tel. Dale Garth, Hawkswick, Skipton.

FURNISHED Cottage to let Mid-April to July near Langport. Som. 2 sitting-rooms, 2 bedrms., bathroom, kit., h. & c., main gas, tel. Secluded garden, orchard. Near bus. Longer let considered. Box 7665.

WELSH seaside cottage, sleep 8, all mod. cons., vac. till July 18 & after Aug. 29, 8*gns.* Also chalet, sleep 2, 3*gns.*, and caravan site from Easter. Sewell, Tanybryn, Aberayron, Cardiganshire. Tel. Aberayron 237.

SELF-contained studio flat to let, furnished, overlooking Polperro harbour. Long or short periods. Apply "Marguerite," The Bark House, Polperro, Cornwall.

PROF. woman requires bed-sit. from April 11, with ckg. facils., bath. Bloomsbury, Holborn area. Klemens, Thornbury House, Kidlington, Oxford.

WIFE with child would like to find family with one or two rooms at reas. cost in return for mutual baby-sitting, help. Pref. N.W.3-N.W.6. HAM. 1964 after 7 p.m.

ADULT family 3 seek unfurn. accom. Refs. Any reasonable demand met. Simon Harris, 25 Maury Rd., N.16. AMH. 4502.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

TUNBRIDGE Wells, charming freehold wing with own gardens and use swimming pool, 3/4 bed., 2/3 recep., stylish decrtn., mod. k. & bthrm. Garage and caretaker serv. if reqd.; Bargn. £3,850. Box 7676.

£3000—Clapham Common. Freehold, detached house: Four bedrooms, modern bathroom. Two reception, 21ft × 11ft & 24ft × 11ft, small dining room, kitchen with stainless steel sink unit, Bendix & frig. Cloakroom & shower, lge. gdn. HOP. 3723.

£1050 fhd., v.p. N. Devon tce. cot. 2 bdrms. E.l., Rayburn, mod. bathrm., w.c. 227 Bellingham Rd. S.E.6. HIT. 5118.

ATTRACTIVE furnished cottage near Bala. £600. Box 7605.

ENTERTAINMENTS

MERCURY. PAR. 5700. Return of Elsa Verghis. Mar. 30, 11 p.m., Mar. 31, 8 p.m.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.), St., Sun 5 & 8. "L'Enfant Prodigue." Mems. 5s.

UNITY (EUS. 5391). New Musical Revue "Turn it Up!" prod. by Alfie Bass. Wed.-Sun., 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7.30, Sun. 6.30. The famous Victorian Melodrama, "The Drunkard." Now past its 50th perf. A Free Ticket for "The Drunkard" is allowed to each New Member. Every night at 10.30, an Intimate Revue. Mems. 5s. year.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place, N.1 (Near Islington Town Hall). Tavistock Rep. in "The House of Bernarda Alba," by Garcia Lorca. Last perfs. to-night 27 & Sat. 28 March, at 7.30. Seats 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., bookable CAN. 5111. Open to public.

MOZART'S opera "La Finta Giardiniera"; stage performance. Haydn Orch. Cond. H. Ucko. Tues. & Wed. next, 7.15, King George's Hall, W.C.1. Tkts. 12s. 6d.-3s. 6d. Chappells, MAY. 7600; 11 Compayne Gdns., N.W.6, MAI. 6897.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until March 29: Clair's "A Nous La Liberté" (U). From March 30: Ben Hecht's "The Spectre of the Rose" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Mar. 29, 7.30. "His Majesty Mr. Jones." (U).

ILFORD New Era Film Society (VAL. 8406). Sunday, March 29, 7.30 p.m. Ilford Town Hall: "Frenzy" (Sweden). "Visit to Picasso" (Belgium). "The River" (U.S.A.).

"THE White-Haired Girl," world-famous Chinese film (Eng. sub-titles), premiere. Scala Theatre, W.1. Mon., March 30, 7.30 p.m. Res. seats 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., from Theatre or Britain-China Friendship Assn., 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., W.2. (AMB. 1431/2.)

LEWISHAM Film Soc., HIT. 1611. Ravensbourne Restaurant, opp. Catford Town Hall, Sat. Mar. 28, 7.15: "The Last Stage."

MANHATTAN Club, 35 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6 (Rear Finchley Rd. Stn.). Dancing from 8 p.m. every Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Licenced bar-buffet. Members 4s. 6d., Guests 5s. 6d. (Thursday, M. 3s. 6d., G. 4s. 6d.). Membership 2s. 6d. per quarter.

SAILING Barge moored adj. Tower Pier—Glencoe Arts Club. The Music Society of Lower Thames Street. Every Thursday by ticket only, 3s. 6d. Dancing every Wed., Fri. & Sat., Members 2s., guests 3s. Life class every Sat., 2-4.30, 2s. 6d. Sun., 29th, Poetry Reading; A. S. J. Tessimond and Hubert Nicholson will read from their own works at 8.30. Mem. 1s., guests 3s. Tel. ROY. 1653.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Good Friday, April 3, at 5 p.m. Bach's St. Matthew Passion (in its entirety). London Choral Society. Kalmar Chamber Orch. John Tobin. 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. WAT. 3191 and Agents.

ST. Marylebone Parish Church, N.W.1 Music for Holy Week. Saturday, March 28, at 3.30 p.m. Palestrina, "Stabat Mater." Anerio, "Requiem." The Renaissance Singers. Director: Michael Howard.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

MEXICAN Art. An Arts Council Exhibition arranged with the Mexican Government. Tate Gallery. Open till April 26. Weekdays 10-9, Sundays 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d., after 6 p.m. 1s. 6d.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Important French Masters of the 19th and 20th Cent. Recent purchases. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1

REMBRANDT'S Influence in the 17th Century. Loan Exhibition at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond Street, 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1, until April 2. Adm. 2s. 6d., in aid of the victims of the Dutch floods.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Yves Alix (First Exhibition in England) and Eugene Boudin. Closing Apr. 2.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Wonder & Horror of the Human Head. Daily 11-6. Sats. 11-5. Sunday 2-6.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Csato. Paintings by Irene Wyatt. Until April 2.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Louise Hutchinson: Portraits and other Sculptures. Paintings by Jolan Williams.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Exhibition of important paintings by Quizet, "Le peintre des Faubourgs." Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes April 25.

GALERIE Apollinaire, 3, Litchfield St., W.C.2. First Exhibition of Drawings by Judith de Beer, March 26 until April 15, 11 a.m.-7 p.m. daily, inc. Saturday.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave., Trafalgar Square, Chelsea School of Art, March 22-April 19.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Retrospective Exhibition of Paintings by William Johnstone. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

THE Unknown Political Prisoner. Finals International Sculpture Competition. Exhibition of Prize Winners and National Runners-up from 57 countries. Tate Gallery daily, 10-9, Sundays 2-6.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by William Gear and Sculpture by Robert Adams.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth; British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ANEURIN Bevan, M.P., Lady Selwyn-Clarke, Ritchie Calder, C.B.E., and Reginald Sorensen, M.P., on "China—What Next?" Central Hall (S.W.1), Wednesday, April 1, 7 p.m. Chairman, Lord Faringdon. 1s. adm. at door. A Peace with China Council Meeting.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., April 1, 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Britain's Economic Future." Speaker: Anthony Crosland, M.P. Adm. 2s.

"THE Welfare State in Israel," Wednesday, April 1, at 6 p.m., at the Royal Society of Arts. Speaker: Professor T. S. Simey. Chairman: The Rt. Hon. Earl Jowitt. Members free. Others 2s. Tickets at the door.

DISCUSSION. "The Psychologist in the U.S.S.R." Dr. Brian Kirman, author of "This Matter of Mind" will speak, 2 White Court, Platt's Lane, N.W.3, 8 p.m. Hampstead B.S.F.S. March 31.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Friday, Mar. 27, 7.15 p.m. Dr. J. A. C. Brown, "Recent Developments in Psychology."

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. March 29: "States After Death." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Road.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "This life is all." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2, Sunday, March 29, at 6.30 p.m.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Mar. 29: Royston Pike, "George Eliot: the Woman Behind the Legend." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s.

JACK Lindsay (Historian and Novelist). Talk on "Rumanian Summer," Sunday, March 29, at 20 Pont St., S.W.1, 7.30. Readings of Works by Rumanian Poets. Chair: D. N. Pritt, Q.C. Adm. free. Refreshments. B.R.F.A., 101 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6.

THURS., April 2, Nomads Club. David Lessman, LL.B., "The Quintessence of Shavianism" at "The Cranbourne," Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. 7.45. Visitors welc.

FILMSHOWS & Travelogues in simple French, German, Spanish & Italian. Language Film Cinema, 13 Suffolk Street, Haymarket, S.W.1. Write or call for details.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

BECOME Your Own Economist. Free ten-week courses in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy. Beginning Tuesday and Thursday, April 14 and 16, at Westminster, 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. (alternate days). Write now for prospectus to The Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith St., Westminster, S.W.1, or telephone Abbey 6665.

EXPERIMENTAL painting and modelling, April 10-12, Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon, both for those who can and for those who think they can't but would like to. It'll be Spring: just the time to try something new.

SCOTLAND: Study-Holiday Tour, May 16-23. Cities, Highlands, New Towns, Hill-farming, Forestry and Plans for Future. By coach from Edinburgh, finish Glasgow: £25. Town and Country Planning Association, 28 King St., W.C.2.

ARTHUR Segal's Painting School Summer term: April 14-July 25. Painting Course: August in Corsica. Segal method proves that everyone can learn to paint. Morning/evg./week-end open air classes for beginners & advanced students. Limited number. Partics. from Sec., 1 England's Lane N.W.3. PRI. 2686.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Courses in English for Foreign Students. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships avail. Resident and day students. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

BIRKBECK College. (University of London). Session 1953-1954 begins Monday, October 5, 1953. Part-time (Evening) Courses provided for Internal Degrees in the Faculties of Arts and Science and for the Academic Post-Graduate Diploma in Psychology. Facilities also provided for part-time and full-time students reading for Higher Degrees in Arts and Science. Application form (to be returned by June 1, 1953) obtainable from the Registrar, Birkbeck College, Malet Street, W.C.1.

PRINCESS Alice College, Sutton Coldfield (a Residential College for Child Care Workers).—Immediate applications are invited from women (18-40), men (23-40) and married couples who wish to study for a Home Office Certificate in Child Care and qualify for residential posts in children's work. Government grants to cover cost of fees, maintenance and other expenses available in suitable cases. Next course begins July 1953. Write for prospectus and particulars of qualifications, etc., to the Principal.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, June, July, August. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday at Koessen in the Inn Valley with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-lore, etc., under Faculty Members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 22*gns.*, 21 days, 26*gns.*) covers all travel, accommodation, meals, guides, lectures. Sleeper berths available for the night journey, supplement 3rd class 11*gns.*; 2nd class—2½*gns.* After paying for accommodation, meals, etc., spending money available out of your £40 currency allowance will be £31 for 14 days or £27 for 21 days. Write for leaflet "1953 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Ave., London, W.1.

COMPLETE Secretarial Training and shorter courses for graduates or older students at Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd., W.14. Telephone: Park 4465.

HAMPSTEAD Secretarial College, Heath House, Lyndhurst Terrace, N.W.3. Telephone: HAMpstead 7228. Secretarial Training For Intelligent People. Principal: Miss Margaret Darvall, B.A. (Oxon).

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All Languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evng. Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Lectures on French Literature in French, every Wed., 8.15. Accommodation arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

TOUCH-typing and/or Shorthand. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

HILDE Holger School of Modern Dance, classes for amateurs, children. New term commencing April 1. Apply: Sec., 27 Oval Rd., Regent's Park, N.W.1. GUL. 6822.

UNIV. tutors, G.E.C. & degree, day & evening, 20 Berwyn, S.E.24. TUL. 4352.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLA. 7967 p.m.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

JAMES Callaghan, C. A. R. Crosland, Hugh Dalton, James Griffiths, Lord Hungarton & Michael Young at Fabian Society's Easter School, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, April 2-6. Apply School Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

DRAMA Schools, Three Arts Centre, London W.1. (April 7-15, 4*gns.*); (May 9-10, £1 15s.). (July 27-Aug. 7, 5½*gns.*). (Evg. school, Aug. 10-21, 4*gns.*). Dir.: Marian Naylor. Acting technique, Speech, Mime & Movement, Production, Make-up. Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

CAMBRIDGE Vacation Course on Twentieth Century English Literature. A Residential Course of unusual interest for both British and Foreign Students of English Literature will be held in Madingley Hall, Cambridge, from June 23-July 10, 1953. Full particulars from F. E. Bell, M.A., Stuart House, Cambridge.

D. N. PRITT, Q.C., Pat Sloan, Jack Lindsay, Brian Pearce, W. J. Ellerby, will all speak at this year's British Soviet Friendship Holiday. Big Wood Holiday Camp, Radley, Berks, August 22 to September 5. Full de-Holiday. Big Wood Holiday Camp, Radley, tails B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., London, E.C.1.

SWEDEN: Summer courses for English-speaking people. "Modern Sweden," Jakobsberg People's College, near Stockholm, Aug. 24-Sept. 12. "Swedish Design and Architecture," Stockholm, Aug. 17-29. Full prospectuses from The Swedish Institute, 49 Egerton Crescent, London, S.W.3.

HOUSE-Party Holidays. On our informal house-parties by the sea or in the country you will have a good time, meet interesting people and have every chance for bathing, tennis, dancing and foreign language practice. Ask for our "House-Party Leaflet," with details of Easter and Summer arrangements. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS—contd

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham, Institute of Education. A Summer School will be held at Hereford, Saturday, July 25-Saturday, August 8, 1953. There will be Courses on "Education for International Understanding" (Director of Studies: Dr. C. F. Strong, O.B.E., M.A., Ph.D.); "Attitudes and Prejudice" (Director of Studies: Professor E. A. Peel, M.A., Ph.D., University of Birmingham); "Diagnostic and Mental Testing" (Director of Studies: Professor E. A. Peel, assisted by Dr. T. Husen, University of Stockholm). Fee (tuition and residence) £16; (tuition only) £8. For further particulars and application forms (which, when completed, should be returned as soon as possible) apply to The Director, Institute of Education, The University, Birmingham, 3.

THE Davidson Clinic for Medical Psychotherapy. Summer School—from July 29 to August 4, 1953. Subject: "The Pattern of Life." Lecturers: Dr. E. Graham Howe, Dr. George Day, Baroness von der Heydt, Rev. Father Richard Kehoe, O.P. (Guest Lecturers), and Dr. Winifred Rushforth (Hon. Medical Director), Dr. W. P. Kraemer, Dr. Jean Biggar, Dr. Jane Darroch of the Staff of the Davidson Clinic, Edinburgh. Programmes and full particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, 58 Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh, 9.

CANFORD Summer School of Music. Director Noel Hale. August 9-23, offers an ideal holiday with music. The Courses cover Choral Singing, Madrigals, Full and String Orchestra, Chamber Music, Pianoforte, School Music (Vocal and Instrumental), Recorders, Organ & Choirmaster, Dalcroze Eurhythmics. Prospectus and particulars Patricia Vernon, Org. Sec., Westover Chambers, Hinton Road, Bournemouth.

COPENHAGEN Summer Courses Danish life & culture. For partics: Anglo-Danish Students Bureau, 71/73 Piccadilly, W.1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, includes "Typical Conversations" in five languages. Pages for Practice, "Translator's Commentary," Competitions and articles. 1s. monthly from newsagents, or 13s. yearly, including postage to any country, from The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

"DAS Ufer," Germany's newest illustrated fortnightly. Specimen copy 1s. from Emgee, 33 Dartmouth Park Ave., N.W.5.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dick'n, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc. 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

VITAL Books. Married Love, 7s. 6d.; Enduring Passion, 7s. 6d.; Change of Life in Men and Women, 7s. 6d.; Birth Control Today, 7s. 6d. By post or personal advice daily, Dr. Marie Stopes' Clinic, 108 Whitfield Street, London, W.1.

WE want books by Bernstein, Borkenau, Bukharin, Kautsky, Pokrovsky, Rosenberg, Trotsky, etc., and all good books always. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. Riv. 6807.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3010.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. Central 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

PURCHASED for spot cash. Recently published books, review copies, World Books, all books in new condition (complete with wrappers). Extraordinarily high prices paid. Up to half-price for recent publications. Bernard Hanison, Ltd., of 11 Monmouth St., London, W.C.2., are noted for paying highest prices anywhere. Tem. 8264.

NIMRODS, The Book Hunters, solely engaged in tracing out-of-print & scarce books. Send your "wants" list to Nimrods, 4 Litchfield St., Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2.

BOOKS on Economics, Politics, History, Socialism bought/sold. Lists: Frank Cass, 31 Leweston Pl., London, N.16.

SCARCE & Out-of-print Books searched for. New Books supplied quickly; Catalogue issued. Wanted: Transition, Horizon—odds & runs; also similar Literary journals; Libraries & Review copies purchased. Fisher & Sperr Booksellers, 46 Highgate High St., London N.6. MOU. 7244.

PHILATELY

KNOW Your Stamps! Sound knowledge means buying the right items at the right prices! Make sure of your copy of "The Philatelic Magazine," 6d. fortnightly, from your newsagent or stamp shop.

BOOKS on Stamps! Unrivalled stock of current literature covering every branch of philately. Also wide range of albums, etc. Write, call or 'phone! Harris, 29, Buckingham Street, W.C.2. (Tel.: TRA. 4477.)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 1s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed few wks. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

More Classified Adverts on Pages 380-383.

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1: Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.